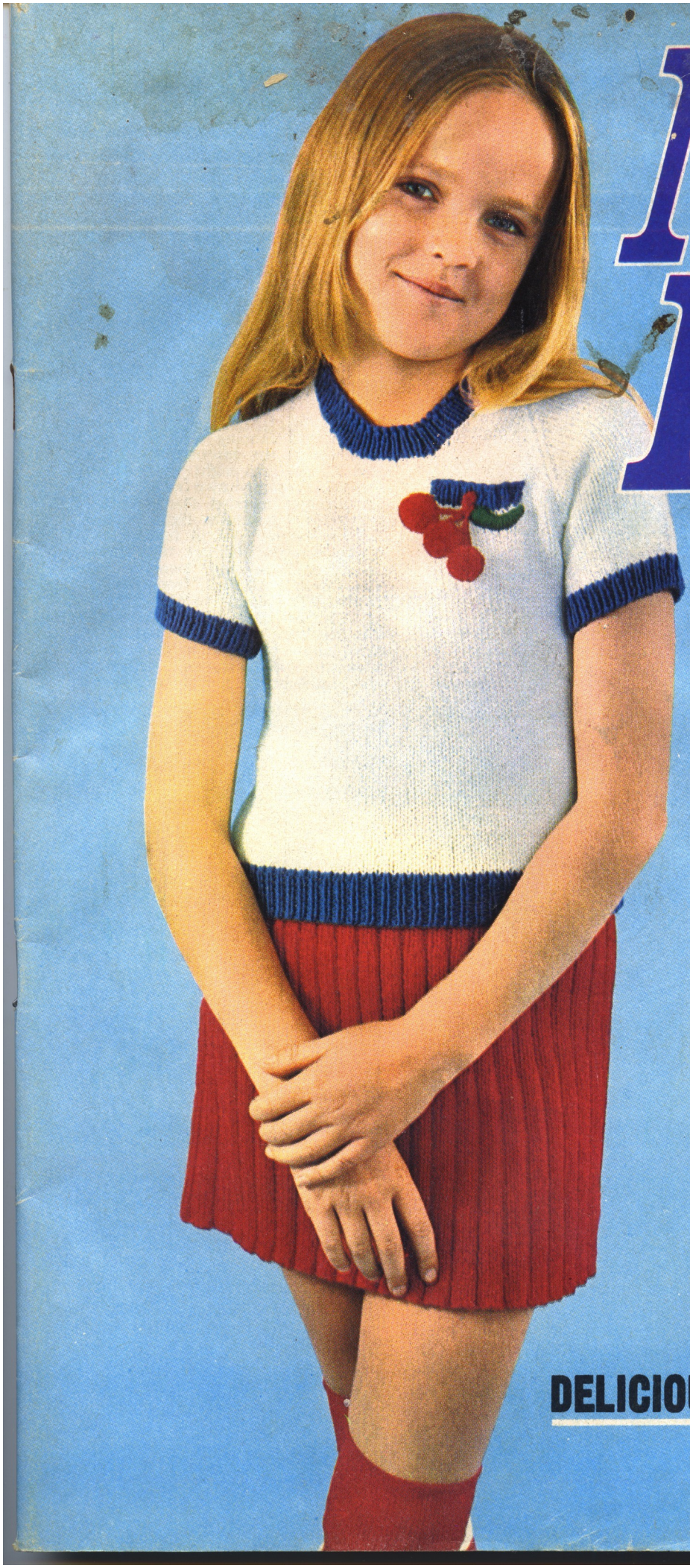

SEPTEMBER 30, 1972 15c*

New Idea

Registered for posting as a newspaper — Category "B".

SPECIAL PULLOUT:
CHILDREN'S SPRING KNITTING

GIFTS TO CROCHET

THE PROFUMOS TODAY

CHARMING NEEDLEWORK:
HEARTS AND FLOWERS PICTURE

HOW TO MAKE
SCRAP BAG COLLAGE

DINAH SHORE'S NEW WORLD

DELICIOUS MERINGUE RECIPES

SPRING FASHIONS AND HAIRSTYLES

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Paula Tuke in a knitted outfit from our spring knits for children. See pattern on Page 53. Picture by Mike Coyne.

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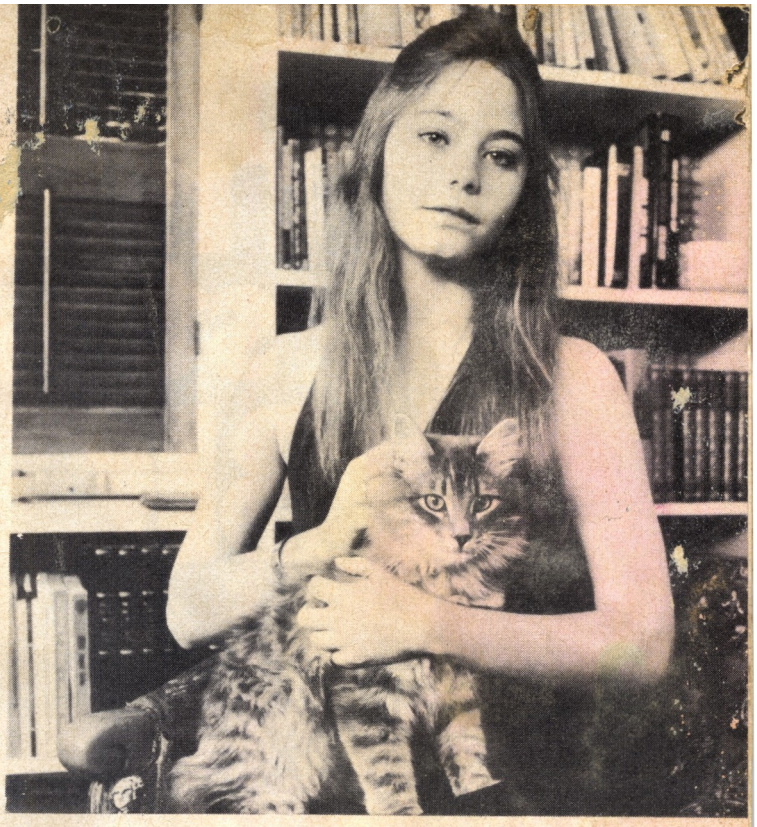
PRINCESS GRACE, above, certainly enjoyed dancing with actor Horst Buchholz at the International Monaco Red Cross gala night held recently. SWORDS were drawn when Maureen Eastcott married Garry Collis in Highgate, WA, above right. Maureen has represented WA in fencing twice. THE romance of the tall ships is revived in the biennial races. The Gorch Foch, left, from Germany, raced from England to Skaw, Jutland. ACTRESS Deborah Kerr, below, has been called "the perfect English lady, yet sexier than Raquel Welch". She is starting in her first play in England for about 30 years.

The editor's desk

PRINCESS MARGARET AND LORD SNOWDON CAN LOOK FORWARD to a busy time when they visit Australia next month. They will be in WA from October 7-16. Margaret (who has never been to Australia before) and Tony are confining their visit to the West, with a polite peep at Darwin on the way home. Our correspondent in Perth, Pauline Lea, has sent me the following report on the events planned for the royal couple, which she describes as "A DIZZY HELTER SKELTER OF PLANE HOPS, SCENIC DRIVES, log chops and cattle musters, with everything but the jolly swagman and Rolf Harris thrown in!" LET'S HOPE IT IS AS MUCH FUN as the tour organisers hope it will be for their visitors, and also that they can take the heat, which during the month of October in WA reaches an average temperature of 39C (103F). One of their first visits will be to the ROYAL FLYING DOCTOR BASE AND SCHOOL OF THE AIR AT KALGOORLIE. "And on scores of



From us to you this week

LOVE—in the shape of cherubs and cupids—is one of the themes of French designer Louis Feraud's new silky soft spring collection, below.

PRETTY Susan Dey's first film was banned in Australia! Susan, above, starred in Skyjacked, but she is better known to audiences for her role in The Partridge Family TV series.

MOVING with the times—the nun at right travelled through south Germany on a trendy motorised bicycle!

AUSTRALIAN Roberta Grant and York's Stephen McKenna, below, were named as London's top actors.

lonely stations hundreds of miles apart, a sprinkling of children (who will probably never meet their teacher), will hear the Queen's sister say a few words to them alone. TWO HOURS LATER SHE WILL BE 40 MILES AWAY inspecting Kambalda's famous nickel mine at close quarters. That evening, on their return from the 600-mile outing, THE ROYALS WILL BE TAKEN TO THE GLOUCESTER PARK TROTTING MEETING IN PERTH. IN JUST OVER A WEEK, MARGARET AND TONY will cover 5000 miles, visiting five country centres and two outback stations — FOSSIL DOWNS, NEAR FITZROY CROSSING in the far north of WA, and the historic north-west homestead Gogo, where they will be entertained at a barbecue on their last night in WA. OUT-OF-TOWN JAUNTS will include a 10-minute look at a SATURDAY NIGHT MINING TOWN HOP AT MT. NEWMAN, A VISIT TO KALGOORLIE TO SEE RELICS of the gold rush and to Bunbury to look at the old gaol. In town, Tony will view the WA Art Gallery, the art and design centre at the WA Institute of Technology and a paper mill where effluent is de-polluted and sprinkled on lawns. FOR MARGARET THERE WILL BE THE USUAL PARADES OF GIRL GUIDES, civic dignitaries and their wives, and a two-hour visit to Perth's Princess Margaret Children's Hospital." WHILE WA PLAYS HOST TO THE ROYAL VISITORS, the rest of Australia will be watching. **JOY HAYES**

The inside story on BIG RED

1 BIG RED is the result of 6 years of continuous cross breeding of 9000 selected varieties under ideal climatic conditions in northern and southern Victoria and southern New South Wales.

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3 BIG RED is bred to be Red. The rich red colour is a hallmark of this outstanding tomato.

4 BIG RED is firm. Heinz agricultural scientists ensure that the Big Red tomato is ripened on the vine. This assures the development of a firmer and tastier tomato, which contains more flesh.

Heinz Of all the tomatoes in the world.... only one is good enough for Heinz.

*8 oz Tomato Paste not available in Queensland and Western Australia.

THE GIRL WHO PLAYED ANNE FRANK

"The bubble burst when I made a couple of films."

WHEN American actress Susan Strasberg played Anne Frank on Broadway at the age of 16 she became the youngest person ever to have her name up in lights.

Her fine portrayal of the role made her a star.

"People called me a genius and I believed them," she said. She was between breaks in filming an episode of the television series The Evil Touch in Sydney.

"I had to live up to what everyone expected of me and what they expected, wasn't me.

"The bubble burst when I made a couple of films. The people who had been praising me said I was terrible."

Susan enjoys her work in films today much more than she did in those early days.

"Now I work seven months a year and get to travel all over the world," she said. "Acting is a paid vacation."

Susan, daughter of Lee Strasberg, founder of the method acting school, works hard at her profession. She starts filming at seven in the morning and rarely finishes before eight at night.

She has made many films in 19 years and lists her favorites as Kapo, which she made in Italy, Picnic because of the character part she played and Scream With Fear, which she said was the best thriller she has ever made.

She gets a surprise when she realises she has been making films for nearly two decades.

"I don't think I am old enough to have movies on television," she said. "Joan Crawford films are more likely to be on the late, late show."

Susan is divorced from actor Christopher Jones and has a six-year-old daughter, Jennifer.

Although she has not sacrificed her career for her daughter, Susan has made certain concessions so she could watch Jennifer grow up.

"I didn't accept any film offers overseas if I thought the locations would not be suitable to a child," she explained. "And I did not go into a regular television series because I knew it would have been too time-consuming."

Even so, Jennifer has travelled extensively for a six-year-old.

Susan overheard her telling a playmate that she could no longer wear the dress she bought in Paris because it was too small.

"She sounded like a jet-setter," laughed Susan. "She will probably be on the best-dressed list next year."

Susan has no immediate plans to remarry, but she has not dismissed the idea altogether.

"I would like to get married and have another child," said the 33-year-old actress. "I would never follow the trend of some of my acting friends who have had children out of marriage.

"Many women bring up children alone and do a good job. I did with Jennifer, but I would rather a child had both a mother and father. It is fairer on the child. This would be the main reason why I would marry again."

Susan is sad that too often marriage has to be the end of a love affair.

"When people marry they act out the roles of a husband and wife, mother and father," she said. "Signing that ghastly piece of paper so often makes people lose sight of themselves."

Susan is petite, about 5ft. 2in. and has a slim figure.

She does not believe in starving herself or going on special diets. She keeps herself trim by not eating foods containing carbohydrates.

Home for the brown-eyed, brunette actress is Malibu Beach, California.

"I have left Jennifer there with the housekeeper," she said. "And although this week in Sydney has been marvellous I can't wait to get back to her."

HEATHER WABY

In Town

Next week

PRETTY SPRING CROCHET FOR SWINGERS

•

EXCLUSIVE:
A FRANK INTERVIEW WITH PAUL McCARTNEY

•

STUNNING BATWING TOP TO KNIT

•

SPECIAL:
YOUR MARRIAGE BY THE STARS!

•

ADORABLE EASY-TO-MAKE DANCING DOLL

•

COOKING WITH WINE

•

MARLENE DIETRICH IN HER TRIUMPHANT 70s

•

HOW TO MAKE GLAZED HAM

•

LIFE FOR THE ONLY CHILD

•

AND LOTS MORE — STILL ONLY 15 CENTS

John Profumo's life was in ruins — but his wife Valerie helped him to rebuild it

The marriage that survived

Roy Fullagar examines a love that has weathered a political and social scandal that shocked the whole world!

AT the age of 48, John Profumo knew his life and career were in ruins. Through his own folly, he had been publicly disgraced. The whole world knew about him, Christine Keeler, Eugene Ivanov, the Soviet Naval Attache . . . and others.

He was, in every sense of the word, a broken man.

That was eight years ago. It is in these eight years that the marriage of John and Valerie Profumo became more solid.

The John Profumo seen recently looked far from being a broken man. Indeed, he had his shoulders back and head held high. He was full of confidence, frequently smiling and willing to face the world.

His wife, beautiful as ever, was also smiling. He says he owes everything to her. She picked up all the tiny pieces and, bit by bit, put the man together again.

Without hesitation, within hours of his disgrace, she made it quite clear to all she intended to stand by her husband despite what others said he had done. Actions do speak louder than words. She gave him much love and encouragement. He desperately needed both and more.

At the time of their marriage, John Profumo was handsome, full of charm and a man of great personality. He was keen to make his mark in politics. And to this end, he was prepared to work hard.

He had successfully managed to sweep off her feet the beautiful and talented stage and film actress, Valerie Hobson. In London society, they became much sought after.

The year 1960 was good for them. In recognition of all his hard work, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan promoted John Profumo to Cabinet rank, giving him the post as Secretary of State for War.

His wife was the star of several film box-office successes in a row. She was in the happy position of being able to select parts on the stage or screen she wanted.

But she found that being the wife of a popular Cabinet Minister was an almost full-time occupation. Some will say she sacrificed her career to help him go even higher up the political ladder. Many said that one day he would easily be Prime Minister.

Royalty, ambassadors, diplomats — all liked to invite the Profumos to their parties and for weekends at their homes. Her beauty, charm, wit and elegance made her the enemy of countless women in London society.

She was renowned as a hostess.

At this time, the Profumos were riding on the crest of the wave. Their marriage was happy. They appeared very much in love.

But, had not a crisis in the Middle East, 10 years ago, blown up, had the weather in London at that time not been so hot and sultry or had not his wife been out of the country visiting friends, John Profumo might have reached the top of the political ladder. He might have occupied number 10, Downing Street, in London's Whitehall.

In June of 1962, Iraq threatened to invade the tiny sheikdom of Kuwait, from which Britain bought 40 per cent of her oil. And many politicians, senior military officers and some high-ranking civil servants opposed John Profumo's plan to order an airlift of troops into the Kuwait desert.

The weather didn't help the

THESE pictures show the Profumos riding the crest of a social and marital wave, before such names as Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice Davies hit the headlines. OPPOSITE PAGE, above, as they are today, John Profumo, his wife Valerie Hobson and author Paul Gallico on a rare public appearance for Profumo this year. BELOW: The couple with their two sons in 1965. ABOVE: 'Screen Star Weds M.P.' were the headlines when the Profumos married in 1954. ABOVE RIGHT: This picture was taken when Profumo was a success as Secretary of State for War. LEFT: At the Tory ball in a happy mood before the Christine Keeler affair.

tempers in Whitehall. England was experiencing a heat wave. Probably everyone living and working in London shared the same ambition — to head for either the countryside, or coast.

John Profumo decided on the former. He felt he needed to get away from his office in Whitehall for a few hours at least. He didn't feel like going home to an empty house. Then he remembered a few weeks earlier, Lord Astor had invited him to join a weekend party at Cliveden, his home by the Thames. John Profumo told his private secretary where he could be reached in an emergency.

He arrived at Cliveden by car. His host quickly introduced him to all the other guests. He shook hands with the Soviet Naval Attache, Eugene Ivanov and with Christine Keeler.

His host explained they were spending the weekend at a cottage on the estate which had been rented from him by Stephen Ward, a well-known London osteopath. Ward had told Lord Astor they would be on his estate — and he had invited them along to the house for a few drinks and to meet his weekend guests.

What happened in between that fateful meeting and John Profumo's confession to a packed and stunned House of Commons on June 4, 1963, is well known and documented.

For many months, ugly and sensational rumors had been sweeping through the corridors of Whitehall and in Fleet Street, connecting the name of one senior Cabinet Minister with call-girl rings, orgies — and more. It was said some of the highest names in the land were involved. Official secrets were supposed to be also involved.

John Profumo, questioned many times by colleagues, had denied that he was the senior Cabinet Minister involved. Now he admitted he had "misled" everyone, including the Prime Minister and close friends.

He had no alternative but to resign immediately. He also ceased to be a Member of Parliament. Instead of personally going to Buckingham Palace and handing the Queen his seals of office, he sent them by messenger.

But, by confessing his guilt, he had removed a load off his shoulders. Yet he had to face his wife, relatives, neighbors and close friends. Socially, as well as politically, he became an outcast.

The invitations to weekend house parties and other social functions ceased immediately. It must have seemed to the Profumos that the entire Press of the world was now camped around their home.

Very little then was heard of John and Valerie Profumo for the next 10 months. They kept to themselves. He never seemed to go anywhere without her being at his side. Valerie was no longer accepting stage or film parts.

In April of 1964, the telephone rang in the office of the newly appointed Warden of Toynbee Hall, Mr. Walter Birmingham. Toynbee Hall is a settlement, situated in London's East-End, for very poor men, women and children. The unemployed, aged, the sick, those without a roof over their head or food to eat seek food, shelter and financial assistance here.

The caller was Stella, Marchioness of Reading.

"Is there anyone you would snub if he offered to help you as a volunteer?" she asked. "Anyone at all?"

"I would never turn away anyone who wanted to help," Mr. Birmingham said.

The next day, the telephone rang again and a quiet voice said: "My name is Jack Profumo. I wonder if you would let me work for you?"

Recalling that telephone call, Mr. Birmingham said: "He was in a very nervous, depressed state at the time. I asked him to come and see me.

"He did so a few hours later. I met a broken man. I could see that he needed the work as therapy. I knew I had to take him on."

Valerie had finally persuaded her husband to make that telephone call. She even dialled the number for him because he was so nervous.

A year later, I met John Profumo. He told me: "I came here because I wanted and needed some hard and challenging work to do. After the pace and scope of running a Government department, it was impossible to get used to doing nothing."

He could have afforded to do just that for the rest of his life. The Profumo private fortune is immense. Seven years ago, he received £600,000 as his own share of a £4,000,000 family trust fund.

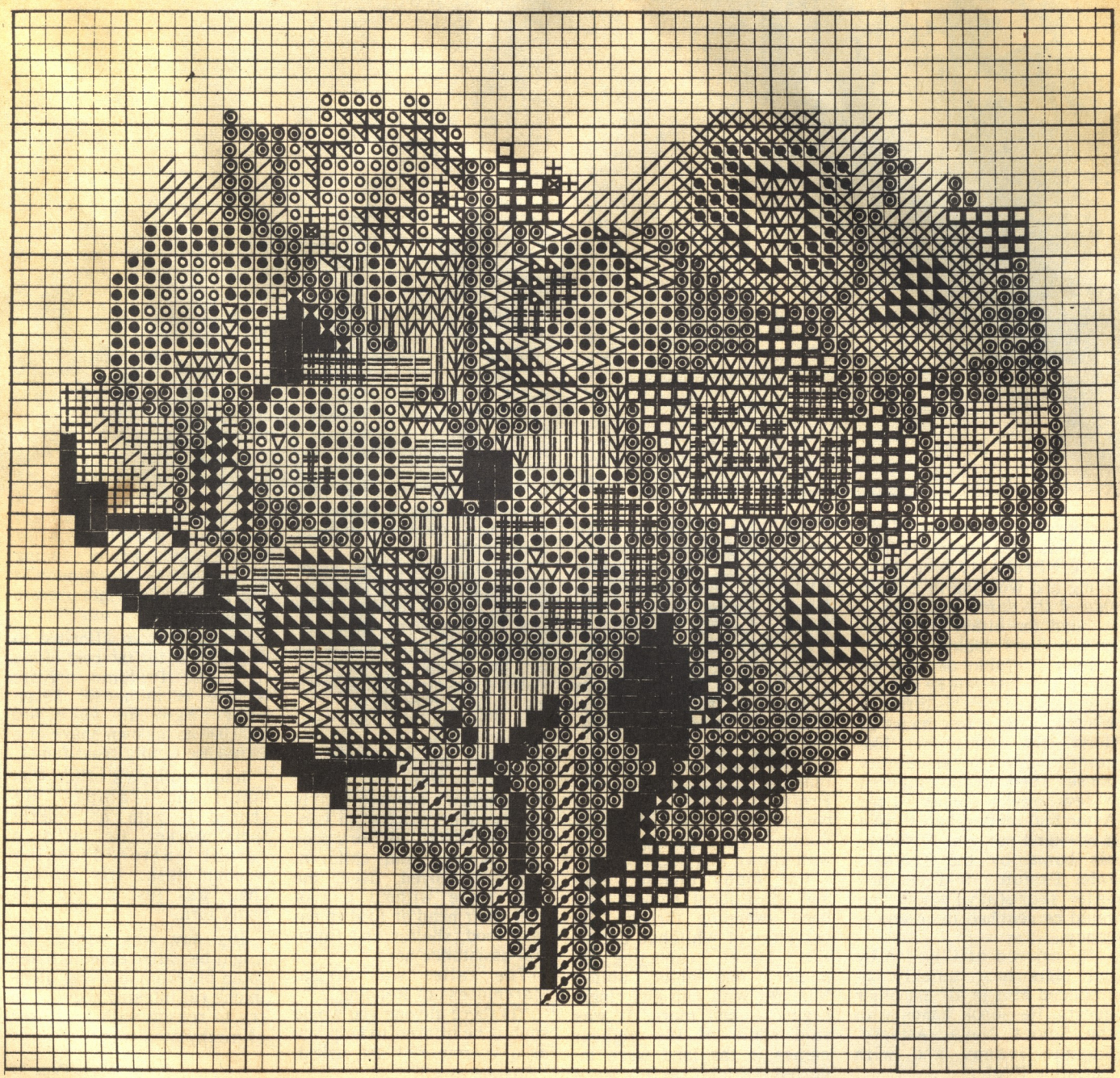
John Profumo's office was small and cramped. He shared it with an elderly social worker. He sat at a rather battered-looking wooden desk. His leather chair was just as old and badly torn.

His day was varied. He might be called upon to listen to an old woman living alone in one rat-infested room or to try to reason with a drinker of methylated spirit.

Please turn to Page 77

Hearts and Flowers

Here is a pretty floral tapestry for you to embroider— it will brighten up any room as a finely worked cushion motif or a decorative wall hanging



MEASUREMENTS:
Approximately 6½ ins. square, including background.

MATERIALS:
Single mesh needlepoint canvas 10 mesh to the inch, 8 ins. by 8 ins.; Patons Bluebell 1 ball each specified color; tapestry needle; masking tape.

TO MAKE:
Bind edges of canvas with masking tape. Work design in cross-stitch, following instructions.

Block piece. Cut canvas, leaving ½ in. all around. Turn this under and baste.

- 7823 MING BLUE
- 5565 AQUAMARINE
- 3506 SHELL PINK
- 7808 PINK SPARK
- 7569 RUBY ROYALE
- 33 SPARKLING RED
- 7563 PEONY RED
- 6145 RUST
- 6341 SEVILLE ORANGE
- 7552 TARGET ORANGE
- 7562 POPPY
- 6230 CRANBERRY
- 7560 DIJON GOLD
- 6717 DIADEM GOLD
- 7809 SPANISH MOSS
- 3013 BOTTLE GREEN
- 3662 EMERALD
- 7804 PERT GREEN
- 7794 NIPPY GREEN
- 5108 CONVENT FAWN
- 7567 GULF BLUE
- 6988 BOATING BLUE

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033.P.878A

PRINCESS Margaret and her daughter, Lady Sarah Linley, arrive.

THE Queen Mother was one of many to choose a wide-brimmed hat.

THE Queen arrives at the wedding of her cousin, Lady Elizabeth Anson.

THE Duke and Duchess of Kent with their daughter, Lady Helen Windsor.

a royal wedding

THE CELEBRATED GUESTS STOLE THE LIMELIGHT AND THE BRIDE ARRIVED ALMOST UNNOTICED

THE guests were so preoccupied with the royal arrivals and London's beautiful people at Westminster Abbey that the bride, Lady Elizabeth Anson, entered almost unnoticed for her recent marriage to Sir Geoffrey Shakerley. Lady Elizabeth, a cousin of the Queen, included in a list of 800 guests, the Duke and Duchess of, Kent, Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands, Princess Margaret and her children, the Queen Mother and of course, the Queen. Princess Anne was one of 14 members of the bridal party. A reception took place in St. James' Palace after the ceremony. The bride chose a traditional white gown and her husband wore a bound velvet suit with long jacket. The bride's mother, Princess Georg of Denmark, formerly Viscountess Anson, wore a chic, tailored ensemble.

THE bride's mother, Princess Georg of Denmark, with her husband.

PRINCESS Beatrix of the Netherlands wore a floral bordered suit.

SIR Geoffrey Shakerley with his new bride, Lady Elizabeth Anson.

PRINCESS Anne is pictured with the Queen's cousin, Patrick Lichfield.

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1158

A ROMANTIC STORY BY JOCELYN BARRY

IF YOU REALLY CARE

The torn flowers made her realise she had nearly lost her chance for love

IT had never occurred to Constance that she would ever quarrel with Taylor; above all, to have a row over someone else's wedding! Yet she had to stand her ground. "I promised Jane I'd do the flowers for her wedding," she insisted. "It's always been something she knew she could depend on."

"Surely not when it's inconvenient for you?"

"But it isn't," she argued. "I mean, we can spend a weekend with the Deysalles some other time . . ."

"If they bother to invite us!" He was too angry to let her finish. "The most important creative partnership in the world of art! Do you realise what an honor it is to be asked there? Other gallery managers would give their eye teeth for the chance. But just because some half-witted friend of yours decides to get married at short notice . . ."

"Jane isn't half-witted," she retorted, angry that he was now beginning to be unkind. "And as for your pretentious artist friends who pin soup labels on bits of board and call them painting . . ."

"That's it, then!" he exclaimed, his face flushing darkly. When he let his temper flare like this, his olive skin would take on a tinge of color and his eyes would glitter, so that, even though they were quarrelling, she was aware of his magnetism.

"Now we're beginning to find out what we really think of each other," he went on. "You think my friends are phony and their work is sham . . ."

"If you must know, yes I do!"

So the quarrel ended in a parting, and the parting in a lengthening silence. Constance told herself she was well rid of him, and spent a good deal of time on the telephone listening to what Jane wanted in the way of floral decorations: calla lillies in the church, stephanotis for the headdress, yellow rosebuds for the bouquets, and did she think iris or gladioli for the reception?

With only 10 days to the ceremony, Constance had a lot to do. There were the flowers to order well in advance, and decisions to be made about transport.

Meanwhile, there was the usual round of work: daily floral arrangements for the hotels, special displays for cocktail parties and balls, and her usual visits to business firms who retained her to keep the reception office and executive rooms decked with flowers.

She was glad to be kept busy. She didn't want to think about Taylor. She kept assuring herself that a man with no sense of true values wasn't worth regretting but, as day succeeded day, she was aware of a growing sense of loss, simply because she didn't meet him as usual every evening, didn't hear his voice on the phone.

He had become an integral part of her life in so short a time: three months, that's all, and yet his absence seemed to wither the happiness she might have had in Jane's marriage and all its preparations.

She and Jane had grown up together, had been "best friends" until Constance left for Sydney and its greater scope for her talent as a florist. Afterwards, they had kept in close touch.

Naturally Jane relied on Constance to come to her help on this great occasion; it had been a promise made years ago, impossible to break. Surely Taylor should have understood that? Surely he would understand, even now, and apologise?

But he did not. Once Constance picked up the phone and dialled his number but, when his secretary answered the call, she put down the phone without speaking. No. He was wrong. He must apologise.

On the Friday before the wedding Constance went to the wholesale market in the early dawn to collect the flowers she had ordered. Laden with boxes, she went straight to the airport.

Luckily the flight to Newcastle was lightly booked that day, so she was able to lay the containers on the seats in the row in front of her. She had decided against driving because she wanted to be fresh and untired for the work.

Jane was waiting for her, her face alight with a special happiness. "It's so marvellous of you to come all this way," she said, hugging Constance. "But I was sure you wouldn't let me down. Mother and I said, when we began making plans, 'Well, one thing we don't have to worry about is the flowers.'"

"Darling, I would have been hurt if you would have let anyone else do them," Constance replied.

"Are you all right?" Jane asked. "You look thinner."

Laughing, she retorted that that was a good thing, and brushed aside any inquiries about her health, although she knew she had lost weight, and these days she wasn't sleeping well.

They drove to the house of Jane's parents, a rambling old place on the shores of the lake, where many a time they'd played Indians or hide-and-seek among the glossy rhododendrons in the garden. Her own mother and father had lived next door until their death.

She met again the man Jane was to marry, Donald Davison. He was someone she recalled from a previous visit home — a tall, quiet man with a serious manner and a voice like dark brown toast.

He was in shipbuilding, had just been asked to take charge of a subsidiary yard in Canada — hence the sudden decision to marry at once, so that Jane could go with him.

Constance had been a little surprised at the news, truth to tell; she seemed to remember that in some of her letters Jane had hinted at a coolness between herself and Donald, so that really it would have been more comprehensible to find him sailing away by himself.

But she must have got a wrong impression somehow. These two were meant for each other, nothing could have been clearer. She envied them their certainty, their security.

It seemed that, when you met the right man, you knew it; nothing could shake your steadfast relationship with him. So perhaps she had nothing to regret in her quarrel with Taylor. If their love for each other had been real, nothing could have assailed it.

She worked hard all through Friday and late into the night. The flowers in the plain, austere church were finished, standing in their white urns on columns of dark wrought iron on either side of the aisle. In the church's cool dimness they would last well, remaining fresh and sweet for the ceremony tomorrow afternoon.

The flowers for the reception were finished, too, safely stored away until tomorrow in the cellar of the house. She would do the bridal bouquet and the headdress early next day — or today, more correctly, for it was two o'clock. Everyone else in the house had gone to bed, except herself and Jane's mother. They shared a goodnight drink and yawned their way upstairs.

But Constance knew she wouldn't sleep. She sat for a while, sketching details of the bouquet she intended to fashion tomorrow. After a time, she told herself firmly she really must get some rest, but first she would go out for a breath of air.

She slipped out of the house.

Please turn to Page 69

SHE burst through her front door tanned, windblown and apologetic because she was a few minutes late.

She had been hitting golf balls.

Her body is as trim, supple and tawny as a teenager's, and her features beneath the tossed blonde hair are vintage Dinah Shore — familiar to two generations from the early days of television.

She disappeared to change and emerged a few moments later wearing something long with a matching bonnet and carrying a contented puppy named Grunk.

We settled in a sunroom crammed with paintings and sculpture that looked out over a swimming pool and beyond that, Dinah's most treasured possession, her own tennis court.

She talked about events that give her hope while exposing little of herself, the thoughtful, frank, incisive woman who has been through two marriages, brought up two children, reached the pinnacle of public adulation in several entertainment fields, and is now involved in a well-publicised friendship with an actor who has just distinguished himself by turning up as the first male magazine-centre page model.

It had been a puzzling day for Dinah. Women's liberationist Gloria Steinem had been one of her TV guests.

She said: "The studio audience was loaded with women who had this terrible anger toward men, as if males were from another planet — the enemy from outer space. I don't understand this violence. We are in the world together.

HOME ROLE WONDERFUL

"Being a home maker is a lovely, marvellous role and only denigrating if you yourself make it that way."

The Steinem interview was only one brief helping in the smorgasbord of people and issues served up by Dinah daily on her show. In a few months last winter, the menu ranged from Rita Hayworth to Adele Davis, Spiro Agnew to Hubert Humphrey. The show had its beginning in 1970 when Dinah's TV producer, Henry Jaffe, approached her with an idea. That came right after someone had bumped into her at an airport and asked: "Didn't you used to be Dinah Shore?"

Dinah finally agreed with misgivings. "After the first couple of weeks," she recalls, "I was trying to work out how to get out of it."

One was a psychologist who specialised in saving marriages. He launched immediately into a graphic on-camera case history about a wife who got upset when her husband fondled her while she was peeling potatoes. Dinah, aghast and feeling the need to say something, commented brightly: "Well, that does sound like fun."

But, slowly, Dinah grew more comfortable in her new role.

Guests and viewers alike who had wearied of the pretentious and repetitive arguments and in-jokes on the late-night talk shows began watching Dinah.

"We don't have the time or luxury to probe," she explained. "We're a do show, not a talk show."

She was born Frances Rose Shore 52 years ago near Nashville, Tennessee.

Her mother died when Dinah was 14, and her father didn't know how to deal with a teenage girl. So she turned to her older sister, Bessie, and Bessie's husband, Dr. Maurice Seligman.

"Some people make things happen. I don't," she recalls. "But I have always been very fortunate in that life has pushed me. I suppose the most courageous thing I ever did was to go job hunting in New York."

Frances Rose's audition song was Dinah, and when casting directors kept referring to her as "that Dinah girl", she adopted the name.

She had made several hit records and was in increasing demand for radio spots when she first came into Henry Jaffe's vision.

Dinah travelled about the world entertaining troops during World War II and afterward found instant success on Eddie Cantor's radio show. She also had the radio starlet's usual run at Hollywood, where Warner Brothers put her in several excruciatingly bad pictures.

RICH AND BEWILDERED

Although Dinah did extremely well with radio and records (19 gold records, each symbolising sales of a million or more), her greatest success came in the late

OPPOSITE PAGE: Dinah Shore excels at tennis and her own court is her favorite possession. Golf and tennis help to keep her trim. ABOVE: Just in her 50s, Dinah has a busy life but never shows the strain. ABOVE RIGHT: Dinah is pictured at home with her dog, Grunk, who is all heart, about 67 per cent ears, and lovable.

JOSEPH BELL TALKS TO THE WOMAN KNOWN SIMPLY TO ALL AS . . .

dinah

THE TWICE-MARRIED STAR HAS THE TASTES OF A GOURMET, THE APPETITE OF A TRUCK DRIVER AND A CHAMPION'S ENERGY

1950s when she starred in a weekly television variety show. Dinah became rich, famous and bewildered.

Her period of trial began in the late 1950s when her marriage to actor George Montgomery started to drift. Montgomery was a former collegiate boxing champ from a Montana ranch who was beginning to do well as a cowboy actor when he joined the army.

He met Dinah at the USO Hollywood Canteen and they were married several months later. Throughout their 18 years together, they had to carry the reputation of the ideal marriage.

They both worked hard at it, and it almost worked. Dinah worked desperately, perhaps too desperately, at playing down her own success and building up his.

"I couldn't get her on the phone unless I asked for Mrs. Montgomery," said a friend.

Dinah won't discuss their differences, but those who were close to her then remember an almost total lack of communication between them. Dinah's interests were broad, reaching into areas that simply held little attraction for her husband.

"When I was little, my mother and father quarrelled constantly behind closed doors. So I said to myself, when I marry, I will never quarrel.

"As it happened, George had fought so hard for his career that he thought it would be foolish for me to give up mine. I really didn't want to work after Missy was born, but he encouraged me.

Her voice trailed off. She said: "He's a nice human being."

Soon after her divorce from George Montgomery she married a man she had known in her tennis group. It didn't last long. She's blocked it from her thoughts completely, and her friends refer to it as a disaster.

After the debris of her second marriage had been cleared away, Dinah devoted herself to a less demanding program of TV specials, club dates and record sessions and to her children.

When she was hit in the eye by Vice-President Spiro Agnew during a tennis match, a puzzled reporter asked if she was standing to his right or his left and she answered, wide-eyed: "Isn't practically everybody to the left of Agnew?"

When TV newsreel photographers badgered her about her reaction to the nude photograph in a magazine of her constant companion in recent months, actor Burt Reynolds, she told them demurely: "It didn't do Burt justice. He has a nicer smile."

SHE IS WELL READ

She reads a wide range of newspapers, magazines and books, and can talk in depth about current affairs.

She said: "So many of our children have been raised almost exclusively by women, and have grown up with a different picture of stability than we knew. I don't agree with the kids when they say the hell with our institutions, with marriage and family. But I understand why they are saying it. But in the next few years they will become more rigid in their morality."

Dinah is an early riser who doesn't smoke and drinks only a little. Her two main excesses are clothes and food. ("She has the taste of a gourmet and the appetite of a truck driver," says a friend.) She burns off most of her weight on the tennis court, where she is very good, and the golf course.

"I still feel there are certain things to treasure," she says. "My heart, my soul and my body are very important to me. Violence bothers me terribly. So do explicit portrayals of sex that take all the loveliness out of everything, rip aside all our illusions. The illusions are important — to be able to imagine. I don't live in the illusion. I enjoy sex, but I'm not a voyeur."

Dinah won't talk about Burt Reynolds, but he talks about her, calling her a classy woman. "Her head is screwed on well, and she has great taste."

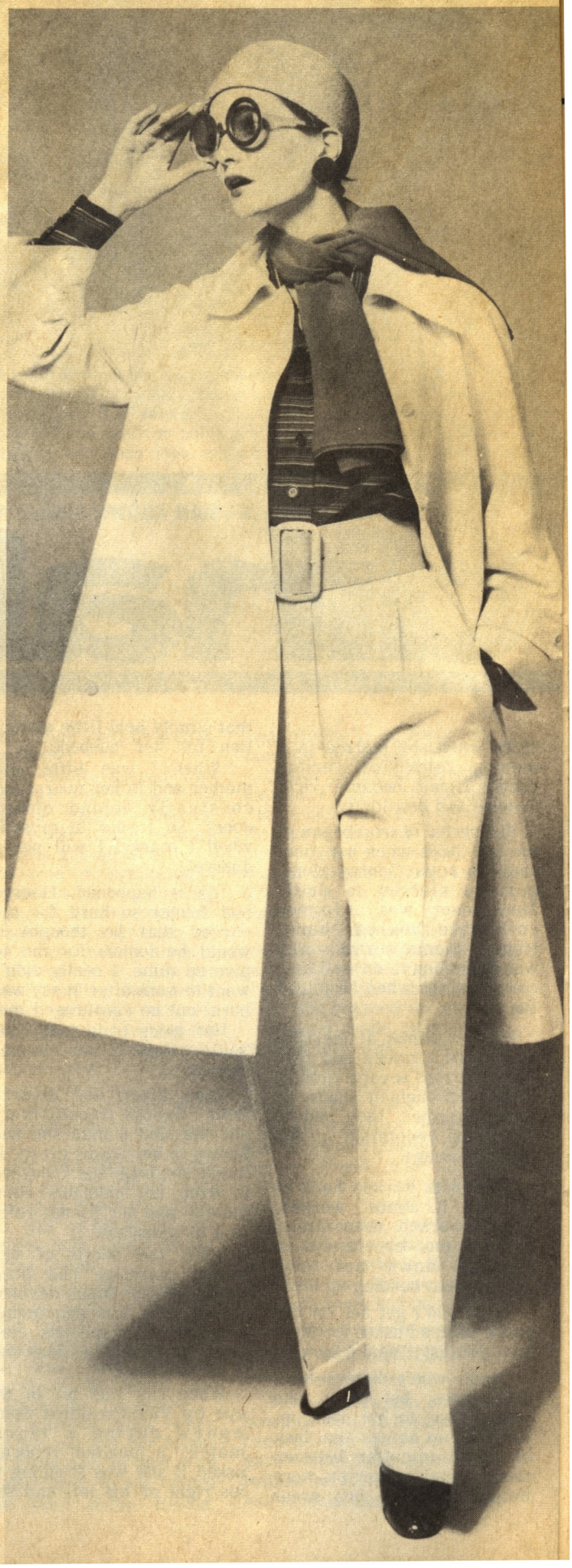
Dinah said: "Being a woman is only in terms of a man. That sounds terribly old-fashioned, doesn't it? I'm an individual person, and yet I think of my life as incomplete unless it's in terms of a man. So I guess my life hasn't been complete.

"We grow from pain. If everything had been just rosy and wonderful for me, I would be a vegetable."

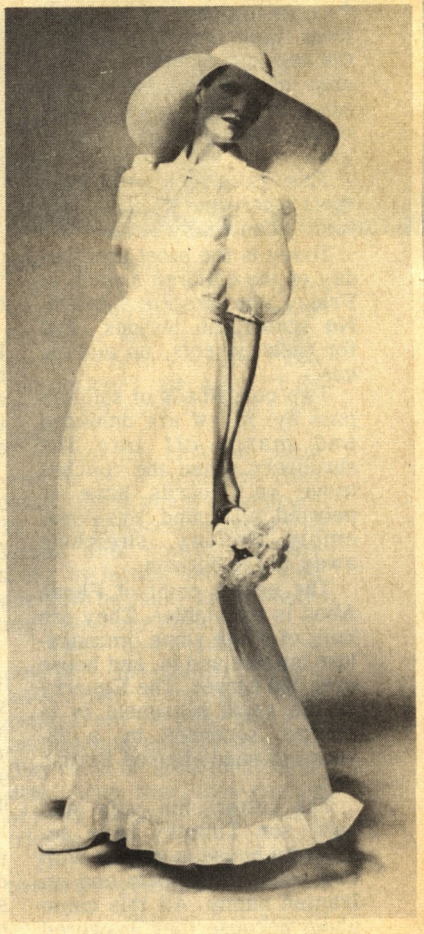
Strictly sensuous — her fashion feeling for this fabulous, flirty

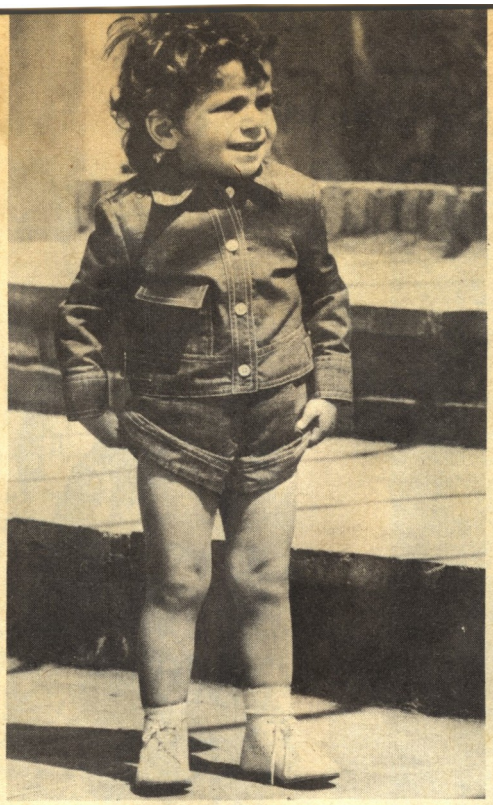
NINA'S SPRING

FRANCE'S Nina Ricci brings us many exciting spring moods. Color symphonies, total elegance, romantic gowns and trouser flair. BELOW: An aristocratic dress in satin crepe with permanent pleats and a wide buckled belt. RIGHT: An impact-stacked, casual dress-up outfit with matching coat, high-waisted pants and crepe de chine shirt. OPPOSITE PAGE, top right: Stunning simplicity on a colder spring day. Waisted trousers and a crepe de chine, clover print shirt are topped with a simple, reversible coat sporting wide, wide lapels and a straw breton. TOP CENTRE: Steal a night's undivided attention from a Prince Charming in this floral print, feminine gown. BOTTOM RIGHT: Sheer perfection for a spring bride. Reminiscent of the 40s era, this fantasy gown is in organdy with a sash and back bow, frilled yoke and hem and a little girl neckline. BOTTOM CENTRE: A touch of feminine mystery envelops the wearer of this multi-colored, muslin cocktail dress. RIGHT: Sophistication on a glorious sunny day — pantaloons, jacket and blouse in a gay, diamond print.



season of sunshine and soft breezes





Concluding Ingrid Etter's exclusive interview from Persia

A FAMILY DAY

THE Shah's children are coming by helicopter from their home palace at the top end of the sprawling city of Teheran to Farah Abad, the sandy, but green, royal hunting lodge outside town.

This is one of the rare spots where the Iranian royal family can really relax.

Today is the most precious day of the children's week — Friday, the Moslem sabbath. No school, no lessons. And for their parents, no audiences.

Two coachloads of soldiers pass by. A few are unloaded and march off into the shrubbery. Then the coaches move on. Guards have to peosted all round this vast, empty territory, stretching away to the horizon.

The centre point of Farah Abad is the stables. They are built of white stone, immaculate outside and in, and house over 100 horses. The Equerry of the royal household is in charge, seconded by a 28-year-old sandy-haired British vet.

The latter, his wife and baby son Timothy have acquired a house, a garden with two swimming pools and an Iranian nanny. All this came about because they answered a job advertisement in a British veterinary publication.

The first helicopter lands. It carries Princess Leila, a two-year-old in short pants, and Prince Ali Reza, aged six. They are followed by an escort of governesses and nurses.

With them is Youpi, a golden retriever whose long nose gives him a faint air of being cousin to an Afghan hound.

Next, Crown Prince Reza Pahlavi, aged 11, and his bright-eyed nine-year-old sister Princess Farahnaz land. A further medley of adults escorts them.

The children and dog bound off happily to comparative freedom. As he flashes by, Crown Prince Reza gives us a cool look, as if to say: "If you think you are going to muck up my Friday . . ."

He is a thin-faced, lanky boy, with an intelligent, overserious expression. For once, he has joined his brother and sisters from his own palace, a stone's throw away from his father's.

Reza usually has breakfast alone, spends the day with other boys at a private school and has lunch with them in a canteen. He calls on his mother at her palace in the afternoon, to romp with the younger fry. After this he dines alone in his own dining-room. And presumably chooses the menu.

People say he enjoys living alone.

His father went through the same training in self-reliance and self-possession from the age of seven. Reza only started on the road to lonely kingmanship last year.

The big problem now is choosing the right guide and mentor for the prince. Should he be a civilian or a military man? It is the biggest, most important job in Iran at the moment.

One enchanting and wise minister casually added that he himself directed his own establishment, where he gave the orders, from the age of two.

I suspect the main idea behind this tradition is to protect important young males from pervasive feminine influence. In the harem days, women were notoriously judged to be giggling, scheming, feather-brained sex maniacs, with a weakening effect on any character training.

Today is pony club day at Farah Abad, so that the royal children can take their riding lessons with friends. Each youngster waits his or her turn for a groom to lead up a mount. The royal family is not served first.

Little Ali Reza is stubbornly refusing to ride a pony. He wants a real, big horse like his elders. And he gets one. He gives it a big thump in the ribs with his heels and trots off.

"You must do exactly as you are told," his French governess, a tall, young, pretty girl with raven black hair, calls after him.

For the older children, riding is obviously a great treat, to be undertaken with solemn concentration.

"But how can we turn them into expert horsemen when they only have time for one lesson a week?" one instructor wants to know.

The riding lesson is quite a spectator sport. Mothers lean against the railings, or sit in the shade to watch their young. Fathers in riding breeches, hang around waiting for their majesties.

This is the clan of closer friends and high officials. Most of them are related to each other.

A water lorry has time to

For the Shah's children the sabbath is a precious day when they can spend time with their parents at the royal hunting lodge

THE Shah's children love riding. OPPOSITE PAGE, left: Crown Prince Reza takes riding seriously, but only has time for one lesson a week. CENTRE: Princess Leila, two, has just kissed an English baby and made him cry, so now she is wondering how to console him. RIGHT: Little Prince Ali Reza insisted on riding this "real, big horse" so he could be like the others. THIS PAGE, above: The Shah and Queen Farah proudly watch their children. RIGHT: Princess Farahnaz wipes dust from her eye. She also likes her riding lessons.

spray the landing patch three times before the whirring of the imperial helicopter can be heard.

Young Ali Reza has already tired of the effort and concentration. He drops out of the ring and, armed with leaves, takes to dusting the bald head of an elderly gentleman, climbing up a wall to do so. His governess scolds him loudly. Ali grins.

Baby Leila toddles after the English baby Timothy and tries to kiss him. He bursts into tears, to her sorrowful amazement.

The speck coming in above us turns into a helicopter and lands almost simultaneously. It is piloted by the Shah. A co-pilot, or maybe just an ADC, is next to him. The Empress is in the back seat.

His Majesty is wearing a brown woollen jacket with one or two endearing drawn threads, as if he has loved it for years. He looks kinder, more approachable and a little less glamorous than in his official photographs.

Her Majesty reveals the figure of a top model in skin-tight jeans with a label on the rear — great publicity potential for the makers. Her ponytail, auburn gold, reaches to her shoulders. Her skin is flawless, and that is unusual in Iran; there is not a line on her face. She is glowing with life.

The irrepressible Ali Reza and a friend bar the Shah's path.

"On ne passe pas," they chant.

"Well," says the Shah slowly, in French, "If we can't pass we will have to . . . tickle." He proceeds to do so to both youngsters impartially. They shriek with laughter.

His Majesty loves riding and is an excellent horseman. He is putting off this pleasure to allow Francois Gonet, our photographer, to get pictures of the family.

Prince Reza and Princess Farahnaz are enjoying themselves so much in the ring that their parents haven't the heart to call the riding lesson off.

When they pass their parents, they sit even straighter and flash glances in their direction. They want their parents to approve and admire. They do. Shoulder to shoulder, which is as near as they can get to holding hands, the two watch their offspring and love every second of it.

Farah, an eager sportswoman — she swims, skis, water-skis and plays tennis — admits to an uncontrollable fear of riding. She usually gets out of it by pleading a bad back.

When we ask her a little later to approach the horse of Farahnaz she remains prudently at arm's length. "Did you notice?" she asks. "I do try to get over it. But I am scared."

At last the children come over to us, reluctantly. They know this is going to be deadly. The Empress whispers to them and comforts baby Leila by letting her play with the gold pendant she is wearing round her neck.

"They don't like it, of course," she admits, "but I have told them you have come from very far away to take photographs of them. So they must be good for 10 minutes. After that, they can go off to picnic with their friends."

The royal party moves towards the wood where

Please turn to Page 92

Frank, funny, poignant — many readers replied to a recent Joy Scully article, Licence — Or Love?, and gave their candid opinions on

'what I think of youth today?'

HERE IS A SELECTION FROM THE MAIL WE RECEIVED. EACH LETTER PUBLISHED HAS BEEN AWARDED $2

TOMORROW'S LEADERS

WHAT do I think of youth today? I envy them their freedom to try new ideas, to set the world on fire and to go places on their savings. They are the best-educated least inhibited generation, the least concerned with gaining material possessions.

I hope they do not grow into stuffy, conventional adults with dull jobs.

On the other hand, those who have had too little love and direction in early life will have to learn to cope and not drop out of the rat race in even greater numbers than their parents' generation.

Youth is finding a true religious faith in increasing numbers. I see these young people as the mature, responsible leaders of tomorrow.

Mrs. C.M., Tilba, NSW.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

TEENAGERS today are more aware of the world around them than ever before. They see the mess it is in.

They also see that, largely, the older generation is responsible. Who sends our young men to fight senseless wars? Who runs the big, capitalist corporations which exploit the masses? Some young people opt out, hoping to forget and to evade the consequences of others' mistakes.

Many others are willing to have a go at righting the wrongs and contribute in their own small ways. Too often, those who opt out receive the publicity, thereby giving the wrong impression. How about concentrating more on the youth who care?

Concerned, E. St. Kilda, V.

MESSAGE IS CLEAR

WITH the invention of television, aluminium drink cans, electric guitars and the screaming youthful days of rock 'n' roll up until today's heavy rock songs, came the revolution of today's youth.

They are not so different from the previous generations, but I am very sure they get their message across in a clearer and more controversial way than ever before. Since the last generation, outlooks on life have seen radical changes.

A lot of emphasis now is on finding your identity whether through getting high on drugs or doing your own thing. But even though many may try to be original in dress, the majority are conformists.

Generally, today's youth seems to be made up of young people trying to associate themselves with a super identity that few will achieve. They are competing for attention in a world that is far from perfect, but which has room for love, peace and, above all, hope.

A.G. (16), Kogarah, NSW.

AGE IS NO JUDGE

IT saddens me to think that the amount of years one has lived automatically puts one in a certain category.

This system takes away individuality and replaces mass. This is one thing teenagers are trying to adjust. They try to live the way they want, not how their parents think they should. They want to be "I" not "we".

People say that teenagers are rowdy, weird, senseless. But teenagers today are no better or worse than yesterday's. They simply have different goals.

People must accept change and this is where the basic problem lies. If this generation becomes static as did the previous one, the same problem will exist in another 20 years. Today's teenagers will be at the opposite end of the stick.

Only because people refuse to grow with the world is there a generation gap. They stop at the exterior of the young and judge the teenager by what he sees in dress, not caring to delve any deeper into the teenager himself.

W.B., St. Kilda, V.

TOO MUCH CRITICISM

IN this ever-changing world of fast living and seemingly increasing rebelliousness, much attention has been focused on our youth. Unfortunately, much is criticism.

Critics rarely stop to think of our good points and often they make destructive assumptions on the behavior traits of the minority. Rarely do they see the young people who quietly fashion a useful, respectable life in society — a life in which they make something of themselves and their God-given talents; more — a life in which youth is concerned with humanity.

It is a time of living what they preach, contrary to many elders who advocate certain ways of living for everyone but themselves.

As the supposedly wiser, older people in authority do not act, our youth have decided to act for themselves. They side with the underdog and fight for justice.

These young people do not look for notice. They are concerned only with results. The trouble makers, the braggarts and people without ideals gain all the attention for their careless, thoughtless actions, giving a bad name to youth.

Given the chance, today's youth can rise above the aggressive few, putting into practice their ideals and really proving that they care about the important things as much as the older generation.

M.F., Iona, V.

PROUD OF OUR SON

SO much is written and spoken against the teenager that I enclose part of a letter we value greatly from our son who has gone through his teen years.

"Not much maybe, but I just wanted you to know I do appreciate you and what you have done for me while I've been growing up. I'm sure it was your basic training to life (and work) that has made me so suitable for the position I now hold. It seems strange that I should be paid to do something I love and that I'm so happy doing."

Isn't this the real trouble with today's teeners? So many are doing jobs they hate, square pegs in round holes. Many are pushed on to higher education by ambitious parents and their only outlet is rebellion. Communication is lost and we have problem teenagers.

M.E.G., Wunghnu, V.

IMMORAL ROUNDABOUT

I THINK youth today is fast falling into an immoral roundabout of drink, drugs and sex.

Before you teenagers condemn me, let me tell you I am no aged fuddy duddy or a mousey teeny-bopper. I am 17 years old and no prude.

I am deeply upset to find many of my friends are on their way to becoming drug addicts or drunkards. Several join in demonstrations merely for the feeling of power it gives them. Some are struggling to support wives and babies acquired through sexual immorality.

I plead with my friends and others like them. Don't opt for drugs or drink to solve your problems, because it will only cause more confusion. Don't take part in demonstrations without serious consideration.

Finally, save yourself for the person you love and don't land yourself with a family until you can support it.

Ricky, Monbulk, V.

Please turn to Page 66

How to beef up your beans.

Discover the big flavour difference with Campbell's Beans & Beef. You'll love those tender hearted beans. And the juicy, minced beef in barbecue sauce. Really delicious. Serve it often!

Polynesian Beans & Beef

Here's home style goodness with south sea island flavour. And it will take you very little time at all. You're more than half way there when you start with Campbell's Beans & Beef!
¼ chopped green pepper, ¼ cup chopped onion, ½ teaspoon ginger, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 can Campbell's Beans & Beef, ½ cup pineapple pieces, drained.

In saucepan, cook green pepper, onion and ginger in butter until vegetables are tender. Add Beans & Beef, and pineapple. Heat; stirring now and then. Serves 2-4.

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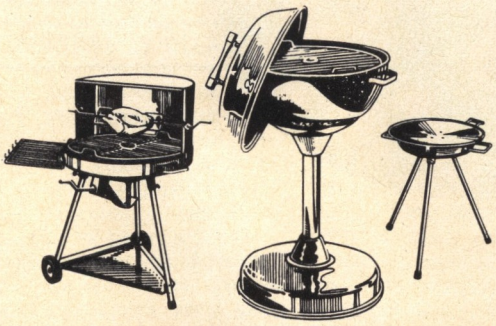

Dalson Barbecues, Australia's finest, make outdoor living real fun. They're built and designed to cook better and guaranteed to last longer. Choose the model to suit you from the big Dalson range which includes 14″ portables, right up to the de-luxe 26″. Every accessory, too — cooking tools; chef aprons and hats; windshields; hotplates and specially prepared Dalson charcoal.
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PSDW2

SCRAP-BAG COLLAGE

Have you ever thought of using leftover pieces of material to make a gift?

COLLAGE PICTURE

MATERIALS:
2 pieces of illustration board, size to be determined by the size of your collage (ours measured 17 ins. x 17 ins. for the background and 11 ins. by 11 ins. for the collage); checkered material to cover background; an alternate checkered pattern for base of picture; piece of polka dot fabric for top of picture; scraps of lace; ribbon; yarn; piece of floral material from which to cut out flowers; calico print for bowl; an alternate color calico print for round-shaped flowers; green material (print or plain) for leaves; scrap of red felt for "cherries"; scrap of plaid or stripe for butterfly; white household glue; brush for applying glue; sharp scissors.

TO MAKE:
Using Diagram B, enlarge to desired size. Following diagram B and color illustration, cut out materials into approximate sizes and colors shown. Apply a thin coat of glue to back side of fabric and being sure to smooth out cloth as you work, paste down checkered base (A), polka dot background (B) and ribbon (C), allowing about ½ in. extra all sides to turn and paste to back of illustration board.

Be sure that all checkered areas are laid out evenly by placing first row of checkers along top edge of work, smoothing out along the way. Before pasting down any part of the flower bowl collage, arrange pieces on the background to make sure you are pleased with the effect; then remove and build up collage, adding yarn, lace and ribbon decorations. Cover background matt with checkered fabric, turning about ½ in. fabric to back of illustration board. Centre collage to matt; paste; frame if desired.

RICK-RACK STRIPED BOX

MATERIALS:
One unfinished wooden box; strips of calico material (or any small floral print, gingham, etc), preferably red, yellow, blue and green cut to 2 in. widths; length of rick-rack medium width blue, glue, brush to apply glue, scissors, enough felt to cover bottom of box.

TO MAKE:
Cut out, in varying colors, the 2 in. wide strips (or stripes in proportion to the measurement of the box used). Be sure to cut the strips 1 in. longer in length for overlapping.

Select your arrangement of colors for top and sides. Apply a thin coat of glue to back side of the strip and apply vertically (overlapping about ½ in. each on to the bottom and down into the box), being sure to smooth

Please turn to Page 84

Look what you can do with Betty Sydney Cheesecake..

The secret? It's all revealed in an exciting little recipe leaflet you'll get inside your next packet of Betty Sydney Cheesecake Mix. Variety is the spice of life . . . and this imaginative series of recipes shows you how to turn Betty Sydney Cheesecake Mix into a host of gourmet delights to thrill your family and friends.

Look for the new Betty Sydney Cheesecake pack with the recipe leaflet inside and see how many delicious new dessert ideas you can make so quickly and easily. You'll make a hit with every one of them!

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BETTY SYDNEY

...the recipes are in the pack!

the middle way

With summer just around the corner, many girls want to have cool, cropped styles. But short hair does not suit everyone, so here are some trendy styles for medium length hair.

SOFT, shining styles to complement faces of all ages, to suit occasions that call for gay or subdued moods and to take you beautifully through summer. ABOVE: A soft, dateless style to flatter women of any age group, no matter what shape their faces. ABOVE RIGHT: A flurry of curls in this style is enough to take one right back to the flirting 40s. LEFT: A pageboy style with centre parting and soft movement at the sides. RIGHT: A fringe swoops low over brows and is caught with a jewelled clip. BELOW LEFT: A carefree style, cut to chin length. BELOW RIGHT: A cute capful of curls that gives a youthful, saucy look for happy, casual days.

Australian Beauty

with LEONIE ROBBINS

Continuing our candid series about marriages in trouble

THE AMBITIOUS WIFE

Ken had no life of his own. Kate and his parents saw to that — so he never fulfilled his ambitions

EXPERTS in vocational guidance sometimes hazard the guess that most men work at jobs that are not best suited to them. A choice of a career is too often based on family pressure — or on mere caprice! Even when the choice seems wholly logical, people would do well to have a check-up from a specialist such as a vocational guidance officer, or personnel consultant and make sure that personality, tastes and physical faculties harmonise. Many a man is irritated and frustrated by his wife's nagging to make him change his position. Others are trying to run away from their problems by asserting that the grass looks greener on the other side of the fence. Some experimentation is often necessary to find just the right niche. It is highly desirable that this experimentation should not be complicated by family squabbles about it. People in personnel and industrial relations understand the importance of all this; some marriage counsellors overlook it because they feel it is out of line.

KATE'S STORY

"My mother-in-law is destroying my husband," 34-year-old Kate said in an emotion-laden voice. "She and my father-in-law, who follows her lead in everything, have done their best to turn their only son into a spineless weakling, as well as a hypochondriac.

"Ken has a terrific IQ and real potential. At the age of 32, he should have completed his education long ago and be launched on his career. But because of continuous demands on his time by his parents, their incessant worrying about his health, he is still at university.

"For the past five years, I have held a full-time job in the hope he could carry on with his full-time studies.

"He has had a lot of setbacks. But with any luck at all, he should graduate next year with a degree in electronic engineering — Ken is a wizard at maths and science — and be qualified to step into a top-flight job.

"From my point of view, the struggle has been worthwhile. Ken's mother and father think otherwise.

"Unlike the average parents, my in-laws take no pride in their son and have no ambitions for him.

"They treat Ken like a sickly, dull-witted child in constant need of parental guidance; simultaneously they exploit him. They have discouraged his attempts to improve himself and to rise in the world. Why? They want him to remain on their intellectual level and be an assistant in the family delicatessen.

ILL HEALTH

"I never attended university myself, but on many, many nights, often ready to collapse with fatigue, I drilled Ken for examinations, edited and typed his essays

and reports, advised him how to handle tough courses and cope with tough professors. I was glad to do it.

"His parents fought me at every turn.

"Half a dozen times, when Ken was full of beans and doing especially well, his mother or his father — usually his mother — got sick, took to bed and called for assistance. Then Ken was pulled out of university to help nurse and cheer the ailing, and also run the shop.

"On other occasions, his parents persuaded him that he looked poorly, was undoubtedly coming down with something, and should take a rest.

CONTINUING:

MARRIAGE CLINIC

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

"I remember one morning, just before his exams, when I was rushing to get off to work and trying to get the big lug on his feet. Ken wouldn't budge. He said he was catching cold and thought he ought to spend the day in bed.

"We had seen his parents the previous evening, so I could diagnose the origin of his sudden illness. I insisted he get up, and finally, after much groaning, he crawled into his clothes and tottered out to the car with me.

"I was late to the office, but I delivered Ken to the university in time for his nine o'clock lecture.

"He didn't attend that lecture or any other lectures for the next 10 days. His mother installed him in their flat, dosed him, fed him his meals on trays and also kept him extremely busy.

"During the 10 days Ken was in bed and missed his examinations, he broke down the shop's inventory of food stocks, analysed sales records for the preceding year, and recommended purchasing innovations.

"After that homework was finished, my in-laws pronounced Ken recovered. He came back to me and with a lot of fast talking, we managed to have his examinations rescheduled. He failed two out of the four.

"Ken was working for his parents when I first met him six years ago. Small delicatessens stay open 20 hours out of 24, and the fierce competition means that family owners seldom sleep.

"Ken's parents worked atrocious hours themselves — they live in an apartment house a block from the shop. — but they had the consolation of reaping handsome profits.

"Ken received no share of the profits and no salary. His parents paid his keep, including his clothes — he had a dashing wardrobe as a bachelor — and provided him with a beautiful sports car and an account at the local garage.

"And usually they gave him 15-20 dollars a week in cash — the amount depended on how they felt. In return, Ken put in from 12 to 20 hours in the shop six days a week, and sometimes his one free day in seven was abruptly cancelled.

"Our courtship was brief — just six weeks — and, in a way, could hardly be described as a courtship. At that time, I was working as a bookkeeper-secretary in an office building across from the shop.

SECRET MARRIAGE

"I first saw Ken one afternoon when I dropped in and bought a bottle of milk. Ken was a milk drinker, too — neither of us touches hard liquor or even beer. He joked and asked me whether pure milk was the elixir that accounted for the roses in my cheeks.

"I had recently arrived in Melbourne from a small town in Queensland where my mother was bringing up a second family.

"To me, the city seemed big and frightening. I took to Ken at once. I trusted him. He seemed so full of fun that he broke through my shyness, and I tried to kid back. He was nice enough to laugh at my feeble joke, and next day I stopped in again.

"At the end of the week — on his day off — Ken showed up at my boarding-house, and we went for a drive in his car.

"During the next six weeks, I had four other dates with him, and we often ate lunch together. Naturally, I met his parents, and they seemed to think I was all right.

"I am quite sure, however, they didn't take my friendship with their son seriously. Neither did I. Much as I enjoyed Ken's companionship and sympathised with his situation — his parents ordered him around like a lackey before all the customers — I was not seeking a romance.

"At 18, I had made one mistake in a marriage that had dragged on for seven years, and I didn't care to risk a second mistake. Also, I felt almost certain Ken had no wish to marry.

"Most of the conversations he and I managed to conduct outside the shop dealt with his parents' business, his dismal working hours and his yearning to attend university.

"Generally he talked, and I listened. But one night, on our fourth date, I pointed out that he was nearly 26, and asked why he didn't rebel and strike out on his own. Ken got furious. He denounced me as a meddler and a Little Miss Fix-It. Next day at lunch hour I stayed away.

"That same week I got word from Queensland that calamity had struck my family. My stepfather had been severely injured in an accident on the farm, and Mother's telegram said she needed me to look after my little stepsisters and brothers while she stayed at the hospital.

"Although my mother had grown to hate my father, and as a result always rejected me, I love her, and her younger children, too. Anyhow, I resigned my job and packed my clothes.

"At the last minute, on a crazy impulse, I telephoned Ken to say goodbye.

"To my surprise, he offered to drive me to the airport. On the way to the field, he proposed. He parked his car, took me in his arms and said he loved me. He then suggested we drive 500 miles to Sydney and get married, and that I fly from NSW to Queensland as his wife.

"I could hardly believe my ears. I was even more astonished at my reply: I accepted his weird proposal without hesitation.

"The sneaky, hasty way Ken and I began our life together was wrong, I know. Maybe I am paying for that with my troubles now.

"Ken and I weren't married in his church or in mine: I had no wedding dress, no trousseau; the ring the registrar used in the ceremony was a twisted paper clip.

"Immediately after the wedding, I wanted to telephone our big news to my in-laws. Ken refused, with the weak excuse they might be asleep and that he considered a secret marriage romantic.

"I strongly suspected, and the suspicion hurt, that he was afraid to confront his mother and father with the truth. He did agree that I could confide in my mother.

"Three hours after we exchanged our vows, my brand-new husband kissed me goodbye at Mascot Airport, put me on a plane, and drove back to Melbourne alone.

"I stayed in Queensland for five months. Often my marriage to Ken seemed like a dream, although I wrote to him daily and he frequently wrote to me several times a day. I guess his preoccupation with the mail deliveries eventually alerted his parents to the fact he had a wife.

"Anyhow, they telephoned me in Queensland one evening — his mother spoke first — and welcomed me as their 'daughter'. Their voices sounded resigned.

"They urged me to join the family as soon as possible, and next day they telegraphed the money for my fare.

"For a short while I was stupid enough to think things might work out, that my mistrust of Ken's parents was unjust, that he and I could come to terms with them. I let myself believe that in my mother-in-law I had found the affectionate mother I had never had and always longed for.

GENEROUS

"My in-laws are confirmed penny-pinchers — but at first they were very generous.

"Since Ken and I were hell-bent on university for him, they agreed to forget their past objections and pay his tuition. They supplied us with food, and insisted we take over the master bedroom in their apartment. We even had charge-account plates in their names.

"After Ken enrolled at university I was so touched by their magnanimity that I offered to help in the delicatessen. I took charge of the office work. Soon I discovered that Ken was far from free as a university student, and that I had sold myself into slavery.

Please turn to Page 30

no time for LOVE

She was determined to stay heart-free, until Cupid took a hand in her fate. A tender tale by Holly Francis.

BUT, darling," announced Cherry, "you simply must come. I've arranged it all — you can't let me down now. And Bart Lawrence will be there."

This was obviously the trump card to set the seal on my acceptance, but I never know the rules of the game.

"Who's he?" I asked, and Cherry collapsed on the divan with a groan of histrionic despair.

"The playwright whose name is on everybody's lips, and the girl asks who he is. Frances, you're hopeless."

"I know I am," I agreed. "So why not leave it at that? You go to the party and I stay at home."

"No!" She stamped her foot, but not very successfully; it is difficult to stamp the foot in fine style from a half-reclining position.

"Besides, I've nothing to wear." I brought out the old chestnut with the triumph of one producing a novel and irrefutable argument.

"I'll lend you something," Cherry said firmly, and then we both laughed.

Cherry Wallingford, my flatmate, is a model; tall, blonde, willowy and dashing, with the most marvellous long legs. I, on the other hand, am small, dark, slim, but at least six inches shorter than Cherry and serious rather than dashing.

I illustrate books for children, and as I work at home I spend most of my evenings drawing, too, and quite happily at that.

Cherry despairs of me and says I must be brought out of my shell.

"Frances, on my bended knees, I beg of you — come! You can afford a new dress and you must start meeting some men. It's ridiculous to sit at home night after night. You must have some fun, you'll get stale. There'll be some marvellous men there, too."

There were always marvellous men when Cherry was around — but it was Cherry they were interested in, anyway, and I didn't blame them.

"You can meet Bart Lawrence — you're bound to have lots in common," she urged.

"Such as?" I asked.

"Well, he's a writer and you're an illustrator, for a start."

"I hardly think the illustrator of Grumpy and Wumpy and Florabel is going to arouse a passionate academic interest in a very serious playwright."

Cherry giggled.

"Oh, Fran, you are comic. But do come — I particularly wangled the invitation for both of us. Come to please me."

I gave in, of course. When Cherry wheedles she is irresistible, which is why Chris Tyson, her fiance, lets her get away with sheer murder.

He couldn't come to the party, but Cherry knew everyone and an escort was not an essential. Which was just as well for me, I thought drily, although doubtless Cherry would have rustled up one of her marvellous men.

"I'd better buy a dress tomorrow, then," I said resignedly.

"I'll come with you," Cherry answered immediately. "You'll be buying something that'll come in useful for shopping trips afterwards."

"I'm not as bad as that."

I was dubious when Cherry pounced on the silk dress of soft coral.

"It's a bit bright for me, isn't it?" I demurred.

"Nonsense. It's what you need."

Narcissus himself couldn't have taken that as a compliment and I didn't offer any more argument.

When I got dressed the next evening, though, I had to admit I was pleased with the result. I have my dark hair cut straight in a nice, soft style with a fringe, and I was glad I hadn't had anything else done to it, just brushed it madly and sprayed it with some of Cherry's stuff.

"I told you," Cherry said approvingly. "I've never seen you look so good."

Despite myself I felt gratified.

"You always look good," I told her, and meant it. "But even more so tonight."

She was encased in some wickedly expensive, simple-looking dress of midnight blue, her long blonde hair piled up, and blue eyes glittering like the stones at her ears.

On the way I began again to wish I weren't going to the wretched party. Cherry drove her little car like a bomb, and I wanted to tell her to slow up so that we wouldn't be early.

But the sounds that greeted us flung me into even greater gloom; the party was in full swing and I was going to be a fish out of water.

"Sounds great, doesn't it?" Cherry laughed, as we drew up with an ill-timed flourish that nearly landed us in a flower-bed.

"Come on," said Cherry, raring to go, and I crept in her wake thinking longingly of Grumpy and Wumpy and Florabel, sad and neglected at home. I'd rather have been sad and neglected at home, too.

It was quite a grand affair, with loads of people. I was bemused, although it seemed to me that Cherry knew all of them.

"I'll introduce you round a bit," she muttered. "And get cracking — all these marvellous men!"

Please turn to Page 82

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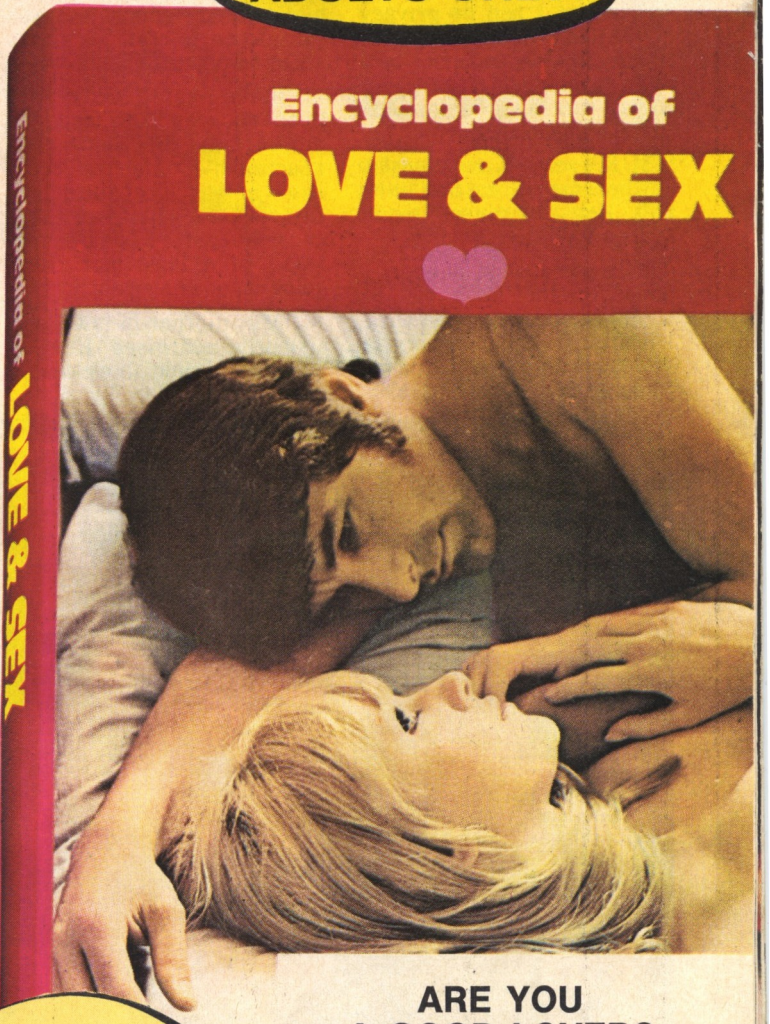

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THE AMBITIOUS WIFE

Continued from Page 27

"He and I had no privacy at all. The tiniest rustle or sound in the master bedroom, which had tissue-paper walls, was audible throughout the apartment.

"OUR sexual relationship became a horror, with both Ken and myself tense, braced for interruptions.

"I worked 60 or 70 hours a week in the shop for no wages at all, while Ken strolled around the university or studied in the library. Frequently his mother, whose duties at the cash register were greatly lightened by my labors, lunched with him at the refectory and was introduced to staff members I had no opportunity to meet.

"Supper-table conversations between Ken and his mother in the communal apartment—I did the cooking—often excluded my father-in-law and me, because he and I had no knowledge of things that were going on at university.

"My mother-in-law consistently addressed Ken as Boo Boo, a childish nickname that I hated.

"Eventually, things got so bad that one night I told him, hysterically, that we would move or I would never sleep with him again. Not long after that Ken and I rented a flat of our own.

"I expected our move, which occurred three years ago, to solve my in-law problems, and set Ken and me on the path to a successful marriage. That was pretty stupid and naive on my part, I suppose.

"We continued to visit his parents every Sunday, and they continued their sniping at me and their efforts to tempt Ken back into the old pattern of family domination. Whenever Ken's parents summon him, he runs like a little dog to jump through the hoop.

"Our marriage amounts to nothing. It isn't a real marriage in either a spiritual or physical sense.

"Whenever I know Ken has been with his mother, when he laughs in a silly way that reminds me of his father, I cannot tolerate his advances. If he tries to kiss me I burst into tears, and he stomps off in a childish huff. Days pass when we hardly speak.

"Unless Ken can break away from his parents and learn to be a man, I doubt we can have a future together."

KEN'S STORY ...

"There are times when I envy orphans and bachelors," said 6ft. Ken, a tanned but slightly plump man approaching 32. Ken's cherubic face made him appear much younger.

"Often I wish I had no family connections whatever. Last year, before my examinations, I went through a long period of nerves and sleeplessness — since childhood I have been subject to bouts of insomnia — and if I did drift off I was plunged into a nightmare.

"In the nightmare I saw myself transformed into a juicy but lifeless slab of meat, being mauled and pulled about by three lions with angry, human faces. The three human faces were distorted with rage and were unidentifiable, but I had no difficulty interpreting the dream.

"KATE regards herself as my divinely appointed protector and adviser. My parents have always viewed themselves in the same light, and, in some ways, with more justification.

"When I was five years old I was stricken with polio and my eight-year-old brother, Alan, died of it.

"I survived, but for a long while I was partially paralysed. I had therapy at home to retrain my muscles, and was taught my other lessons by my mother, who expected me to be as bright a student as my brilliant brother

"Because I was slow in learning to read, she and my father decided I was not only doomed to the life of a

Please turn to Page 60

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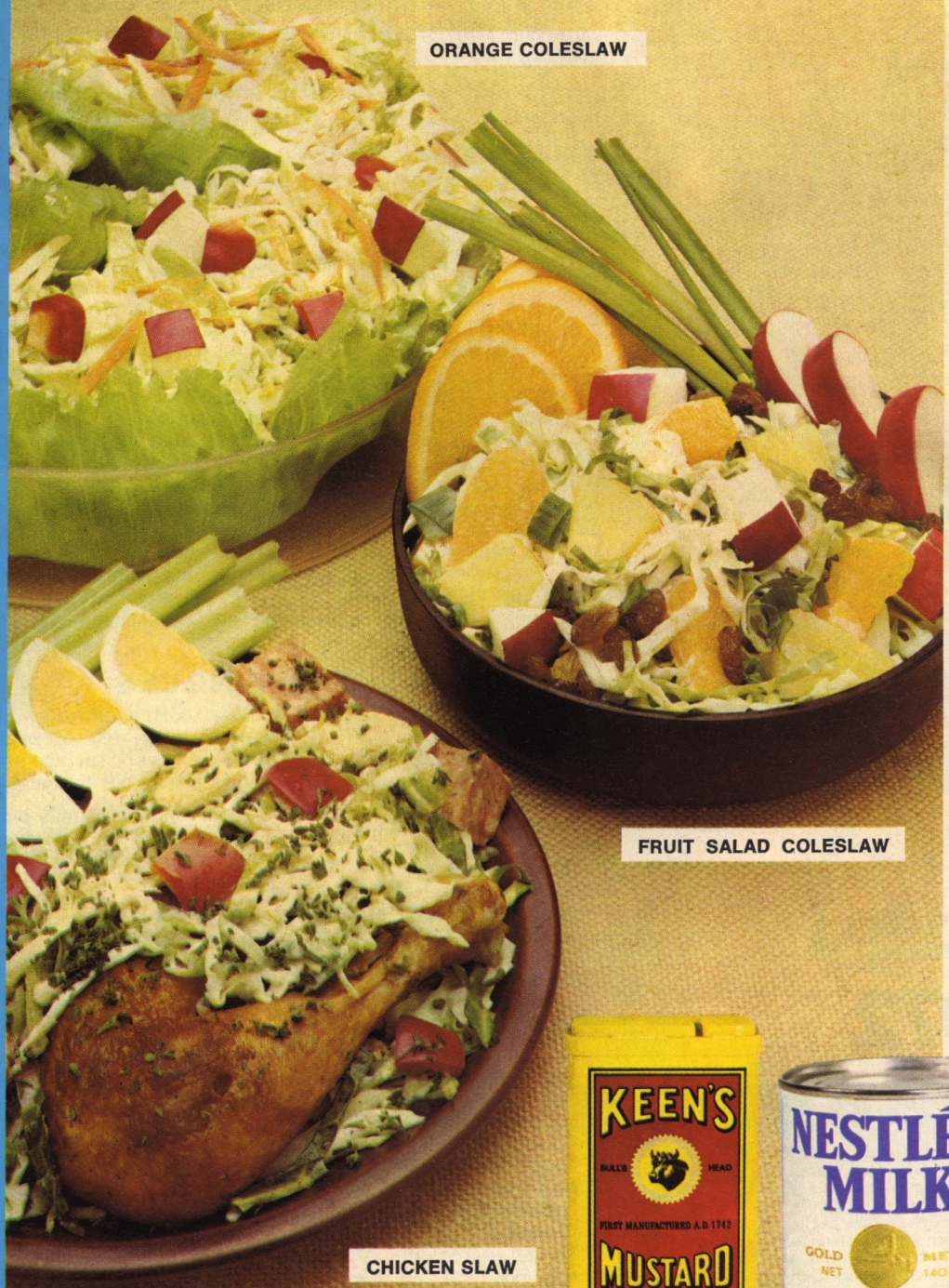

RECIPES

2 MINUTE MAYONNAISE

Combine ½ can NESTLÉ'S CONDENSED MILK, ½ tsp. salt, ½ cup vinegar and 1 tsp. KEEN'S MUSTARD. Mix well. Stand to thicken.

ORANGE COLESLAW

Combine together ¼ can NESTLÉ'S CONDENSED MILK, ¼ cup vinegar, pinch salt, 1 tsp. KEEN'S MUSTARD, 2 tbsp. orange juice and 2 tsp. orange rind. Mix well. Combine together in a salad bowl ¼ shredded cabbage, 1 chopped red capsicum, 1 chopped red apple and 1 grated carrot. Fold through the mayonnaise. Chill. Toss before serving.

FRUIT SALAD COLESLAW

Combine together ¼ can NESTLÉ'S CONDENSED MILK, ¼ cup vinegar, pinch salt, 1 tsp. KEEN'S MUSTARD, 2 tbsp. orange juice and 2 tsp. orange rind. Mix well. Combine together in a salad bowl 1 chopped apple, 1 peeled and chopped orange, ½ cup pineapple pieces, 4 chopped shallots, ¼ shredded cabbage and ¼ cup sultanas. Fold through the mayonnaise. Chill. Toss before serving.

CHICKEN SLAW

Combine together in a salad bowl ¼ shredded cabbage, 4 sticks chopped celery, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 2 quartered hardboiled eggs, 4 oz. cubed polish salami, 1 cup diced, cooked chicken and ½ chopped red capsicum. Fold through ½ quantity 2 Minute Mayonnaise. Chill. Toss before serving.

ALL SPOON MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. 8 FL. OZ. MEASURING CUP USED. ALL TIMINGS COVER ACTUAL RECIPE PREPARATION. TIME TAKEN TO ASSEMBLE INGREDIENTS AND UTENSILS IS NOT INCLUDED.

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la meringue

THE classic meringue is, of course, the pavlova, and a close second is the gateau, assembled in crisp layers, with a luscious cream between. Here, you will find many different varieties, all beautiful and guaranteed to be just as popular. One very important thing when cooking meringues is the preparation of the oven tray so that you won't have trouble removing the meringues. Cover with a piece of foil, brush with a thin film of oil, and then dust lightly with cornflour. ETHEL BRICE

PARTY PAVLOVA

4 egg whites
8 oz. castor sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla essence
1 teaspoon vinegar
Passionfruit or strawberries or frozen raspberries
Whipped sweetened cream

Beat egg whites until soft peaks form, beat in the sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time. When mixture is stiff and all sugar has dissolved, fold in the vinegar and the vanilla essence until combined.

Heap meringue in centre of a 7 in. circle marked on the prepared tray, spread to edge of circle, building up sides to about 3 in.

Bake in a very slow oven for 1¼ to 1½ hours, or until dry, leave in oven, with door open and heat turned off, until cold.

To serve, fill with sweetened whipped cream and top with passionfruit, strawberries or raspberries.

WALNUT MERINGUES

2 egg whites
½ cup castor sugar
1 teaspoon instant coffee powder
2 tablespoons very finely chopped walnuts
Whipped cream flavored with rum
Grated chocolate

Beat egg whites until soft peaks form, beat in 1 tablespoon of the sugar and continue beating until very stiff.

Mix coffee powder and walnuts into rest of sugar, sprinkle over surface and fold in gently but thoroughly.

Spoon or pipe rounds on to a prepared tray and bake in a slow oven about 1 hour, or until very dry.

When cold, join together in pairs with the rum-flavored whipped cream, with grated chocolate mixed in.

THRIFTY MERINGUES

2 egg whites
1½ cups castor sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla essence
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon cornflour
4 tablespoons boiling water

Put all ingredients into the small bowl of an electric mixer and beat on high speed for about 15 minutes, or until very stiff.

Drop dessertspoons of meringue on to prepared trays and bake in a moderate oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to slow and bake another 30 minutes. Leave in oven, with heat off and door open, until cold.

Tested recipes from

ETHEL BRICE'S KITCHEN

All spoon measurements are level

MERINGUES

(Pictured at right)

3 egg whites
¾ cup castor sugar
Few drops vanilla essence
Strawberry butter cream
Chocolate butter cream
Chocolate butter cream:
2 oz. butter
4 oz. sifted icing sugar
1 oz. dark chocolate, melted
Strawberry butter cream:
2 oz. butter
4 oz. sifted icing sugar
Chopped strawberries

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, gradually beat in the sugar and continue beating until very stiff and shiny. Fold in vanilla essence.

Pipe on to the prepared tray, through a star pipe, or into 2 in. lengths through a ½ in. or ¾ in. plain pipe, and bake in a very slow oven about 1 hour, or until dry and crisp. Leave in oven, with door open and heat turned off, until cold.

Serve joined together in pairs with strawberry butter cream or the chocolate butter cream.

Butter creams: Gradually beat icing sugar into the butter and then stir in the cooled, melted chocolate.

For the other cream, beat together butter and sugar and then mix in chopped strawberries.

MERINGUE GATEAU

(Pictured at right)

3 egg whites
¾ cup castor sugar
2 oz. ground hazel nuts
Butter cream
Fruit
Chopped toasted hazel nuts
Butter cream:
8 oz. butter (preferably unsalted)
2½ oz. castor sugar
4 tablespoons water
3 egg yolks, beaten
Vanilla essence to taste

Beat egg whites until soft peaks form, beat in 4 teaspoons of the sugar, continue beating until stiff. Mix together the hazel nuts and remaining sugar, sprinkle over surface and fold in gently but thoroughly.

Spread into three 7 in. rounds on the prepared trays and bake in a very slow oven about 1 hour, or until dry and crisp. Leave in oven, with

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Pictures by Claver Carroll.

Anne Marshall's cookery school

COLD LEMON SOUFFLE

A COLD lemon souffle could be described as the almost perfect dessert to serve at the end of any dinner party. A cold lemon souffle has a light airy texture, which makes it ideal to serve after a rich, filling meat course. It has a sharp, refreshing flavor which makes it ideal to serve after full-flavored gravies, sauces, casseroles or curries. It looks good and it can be made during the day, refrigerated beforehand and served at the table with no last-minute fuss and bother. If you are about to give your first dinner party as a bachelor girl or newly-married bride, or if you are giving one of your many dinner parties and you want inspiration for a new dessert, then try this one, a cold lemon souffle.

IMPORTANT POINTS

- Cold souffles may be made by three methods. They all have a custard base which is set with gelatine, flavored, enriched with whipped cream and lightened with stiffly whisked egg white.
- The custard is made of either flavored milk and egg yolks or whole eggs, egg yolks and sugar or egg yolks, flavoring and sugar.
- This cold lemon souffle is made from the latter type of custard.
- It is important to dissolve the gelatine in a hot water bath so that it does not evaporate and become too thick.
- It is very important that the basic custard mixture and dissolved gelatine are at equal body temperature when mixed together. This can be tested by putting the little finger of each hand into the custard and dissolved gelatine simultaneously. Cool further or reheat if the mixtures are not the same temperature as the body. If the custard is too hot it may separate. If the dissolved gelatine is too cold it sets in strings as it is stirred into the custard. We say it has roped.
- Whisk egg whites by hand in a copper bowl with a balloon-shaped wire whisk for best volume. If you do not possess these, then use an electric mixer or a rotary beater.
- Fold the whisked egg whites into the mixture over ice to keep a light, airy texture.

EQUIPMENT YOU WILL NEED

1 souffle dish, 6-inch diameter
Greaseproof paper
1 heatproof mixing bowl
1 saucepan
1 rotary beater or 1 electric hand beater
1 enamel mug
2 extra mixing bowls or 1 mixing bowl and 1 copper bowl
1 wire balloon whisk, if possible
1 spatula or metal tablespoon

PREPARATION

Tie a double band of greaseproof paper around the outside of a 6 in. souffle dish. The band should stand half the height of the souffle dish above the top edge of it. Tie it securely with either a rubber band or Sellotape. Grease the paper lightly with oil on the inside above the edge of the dish.

LEMON SOUFFLE (LEMON MOUSSE)

3 large eggs
6 oz. (¾ cup) castor sugar
2 lemons
½ oz. (1 tablespoon) gelatine
½ cup cold water
½ pint (1¼ cups) cream
extra cream for decoration
chopped nuts for decoration (pistachio nuts if possible)

Prepare the souffle dish by tying a band of greaseproof paper around it.

Separate eggs and place egg yolks and castor sugar in a heatproof mixing bowl.

Grate lemon rind finely and squeeze out juice. Add finely grated lemon rind and strained lemon juice to egg yolks and sugar.

Whisk egg yolk mixture over a pan of gently boiling water with a rotary beater until thick and mousse-like. If you use an electric hand beater, no heat is necessary. Remove from heat and whisk until cooled to body temperature.

Meanwhile dissolve gelatine in cold water in an enamel mug by standing in a pan of hot water.

When dissolved gelatine is also at body temperature, pour it quickly into the basic egg custard mixture, whisking continuously.

Whip cream in a mixing bowl until lightly whipped. Fold cream into the basic mixture with a wire balloon-shaped whisk or a plastic spatula or a metal tablespoon.

Whisk egg whites to a firm "snow".

Stand bowl of souffle mixture in a larger bowl of iced water and fold egg whites into mixture with a wire balloon-shaped whisk or a spatula or metal tablespoon.

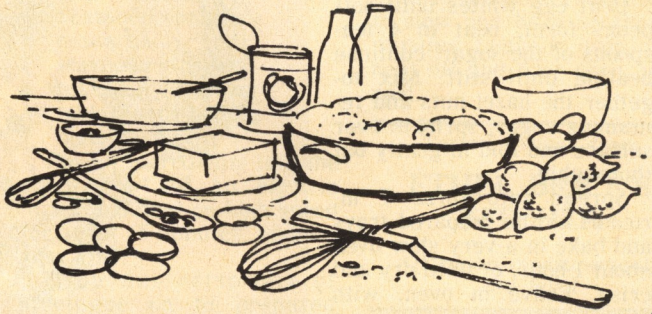
Pour mixture immediately into prepared souffle dish and refrigerate to set. The mixture should come at least ½ in. above the top of the souffle dish.

When set, remove paper band carefully. Wipe dish clean and press chopped nuts round the sides of the souffle. Pipe the top with some extra whipped cream. Serves 5-6.

TIPS:

- Make the souffle early in the day on which it is to be served. If made the day before and refrigerated, the souffle tends to develop a rubbery texture.
- If you are not lucky enough to possess a souffle dish, put the mixture into a large, polished glass bowl or individual glass bowls. Pipe with cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.
- Pistachio nuts are sold in leading health food shops. Remove the skin before chopping. They are a light green color under the brown skin.

NEXT WEEK: GLAZED HAM



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33.3186

CROCHET A GIFT...

Make these pretty little things for those you love—remember, it is the thought that counts

COAT HANGERS

MATERIALS:
Patons Gem Knitting Cotton 2 balls main color; 1 ball contrast color; 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles; 2 wooden coat-hangers; piece wadding 18 ins. (45.7 cm) square; ribbon (optional).
TENSION:
Width = 3 ins. (7.5 cm).
SPECIAL ABBREVIATIONS:
tw3 = P 3 tog but do not slip sts off needle, yarn round needle, P tog same 3 sts and slip off needle.

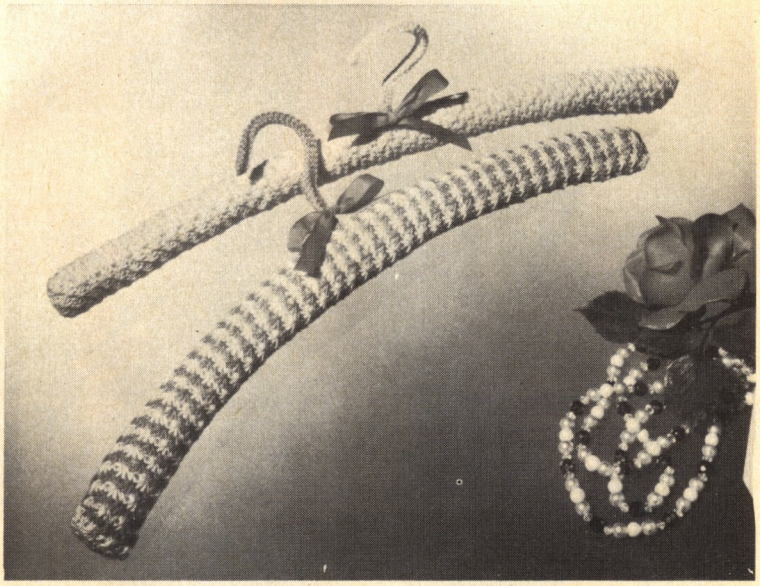
SELF-COLORED COAT HANGER

MAIN PIECE:
Cast on 29 sts.
1st row (right side) — Knit.
2nd row — * K 1, tw3; rep from * to last st, K 1.
3rd row — Knit.
4th row — P 2, * K 1, tw3; rep from * to last 3 sts, K 1, P 2.
These 4 rows form the patt. Cont in patt until work measures same length as coat hanger.
Cast off.
HOOK COVER:
Cast on 38 sts. Knit 6 rows. Cast off.

STRIPED COAT HANGER

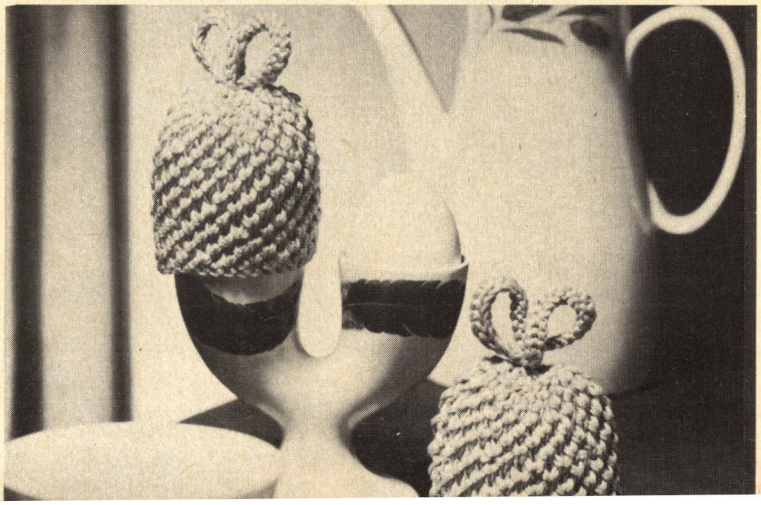
MAIN PIECE:
With M, cast on 29 sts.
1st row (right side) — With M, knit.
2nd row — * K 1, tw3; rep from * to last st, K 1.
3rd row — With C, knit.
4th row — P 2, * K 1, tw3; rep from * to last 3 sts, K 1, P 2.
These 4 rows form the patt. Cont in patt until work measures same length as coat hanger, ending with a 2nd row.
Cast off with M.
HOOK COVER:
With C, cast on 38 sts. Knit 6 rows. Cast off.
TO MAKE UP:
Pad coat hanger.

Fold main piece in half lengthwise and sew side edges. Slipping hook through centre of folded edge, place main piece on coat hanger and join edges. Fold hook cover in half lengthwise and, leaving one short end open, sew all around. Slip cover over hook and sew to main piece.



EGG-COSIES

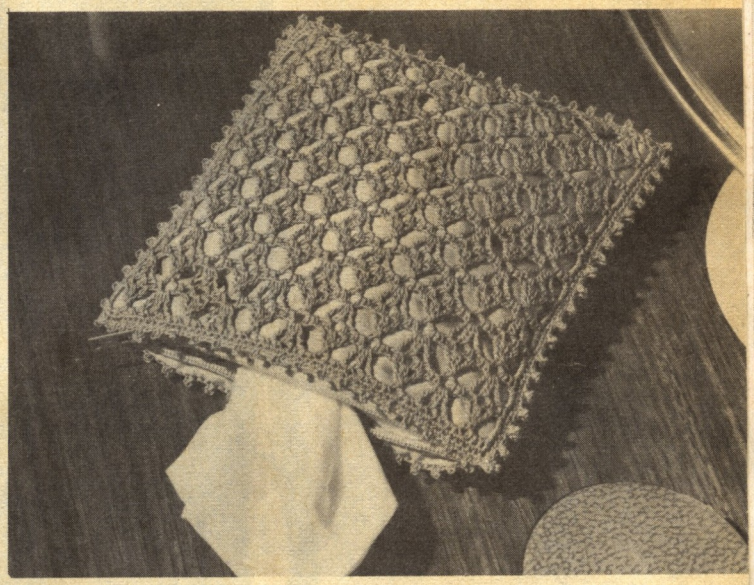
MATERIALS:
Patons Gem Knitting Cotton 1 ball; 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles.
TENSION:
5½ sts and 12 rows = 1 in.
SPECIAL ABBREVIATIONS:
K1b = insert right hand needle into st below next st on left hand needle and Knit, slip st off left hand needle.
Using double yarn, cast on 39 sts.
1st row (wrong side) — Knit.
2nd row — * K 1, K1b; rep from * to last st, K 1.
3rd row — Knit.
4th row — K 2, * K1b, K 1; rep from * to last st, K 1.
These 4 rows form the patt. Continue in patt until work measures 2½ ins. (6.5 cm), ending with a wrong side row.
Next row — K 1, * K 2 tog; rep from * to end. (20 sts.)
Next row — K 2 tog to end. (10 sts.)
Cut yarn, draw through remaining sts and fasten off.
With wrong side facing, sew side seams. Turn to right side.
CHAIN:
Cast on 40 sts. Cast off.
Fold chain to form two loops and sew firmly to top.



MAKE-UP BAG

MEASUREMENTS
Approx. 5½ ins. (14 cm) square.

MATERIALS:
Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 1 ball; size 1.25 steel crochet hook; ¼ yd. (23 cm) lining 36 in. (91.5 cm) wide; 5 in. (12 cm) zip fastener.
TENSION:
4 rows = ⅞ in. (2.2 cm).
SPECIAL ABBREVIATIONS:
cl = cluster, p = picot.
FRONT AND BACK (alike):
Commence with 58 ch to measure 5¼ ins. (13.5 cm).
1st row — 1 dc into 2nd ch from hook, 1 dc into each of next 2 ch, * 2 ch, miss next ch, 1 dc into each of next 2 ch, (2 ch, miss next ch, 1 dc into next ch) 3 times, 1 dc into next ch; rep from *, ending with 2 ch, miss next ch, 1 dc into each of next 3 ch, 4 ch, turn.
2nd row (right side) — * 1 dtr into next lp, 2 ch, leaving the last lp of each on hook work 2 tr into same lp, thread over and draw through all lps on hook (a joint tr made), 2 ch, 1 dtr into same lp (shell made), 3 ch, leaving the last lp of each on hook work 1 dtr into next lp, 2 tr into next lp and 1 dtr into next lp, thread over and draw through all lps on hook (a cl made), 3 ch; rep from * 4 times more, a shell into last lp, miss next 2 dc, 1 dtr into next dc, 1 ch, turn.
3rd row — 1 dc into first dtr, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next 2 ch lp) twice, (2 ch, 2 dc into next 3 ch lp) twice; rep from * 4 times more, (2 ch, 1 dc into next 2 ch lp) twice, 2 ch, 1 dc into 4th of 4 ch, 7 ch, turn.
4th row — * A cl over next 3 lps, 3 ch, a shell into next lp, 3 ch; rep from * 4 times more, a cl over next 3 lps, 3 ch, 1 dtr into next dc, 1 ch, turn.
5th row — 1 dc into first dtr, * (2 dc into next 3 ch lp, 2 ch) twice, (1 dc into next 2 ch lp, 2 ch) twice; rep from * 4 times more, 2 dc into next 3 ch lp, 2 ch, 2 dc over turning ch, 1 dc into 4th of 7 ch, 4 ch, turn.
Rep 2nd to 5th rows 5 times more, omitting 5th row at end of last rep.
Last row — 1 dc into first dtr, * (2 dc into next 3 ch lp, 1 ch) twice, (1 dc into next 2 ch lp, 1 ch) twice; rep from * 4 times more, 2 dc into next 3 ch lp, 1 ch, 2 dc over turning ch, 1 dc into 4th of 7 ch, do not fasten off, 1 ch, turn.
EDGING:
1st row — 3 dc into first dc (corner), 1 dc into each dc and each 1 ch lp to within last dc, 3 dc into next dc, work 55 dc evenly along row-ends, 3 dc into first foundation ch and complete other sides and corner to correspond, 1 sl st into first dc.
2nd row — 1 dc into same place as sl st, * 2 dc into next dc, 3 ch, 1 sl st into last dc (p made), 1 dc into same place as last dc (corner), 1 dc into each of next 2 dc, (a p, 1 dc into each of next 3 dc) 18 times, a p, 1 dc into next dc; rep from * 3 times more, omitting 1 dc at end of last rep, 1 sl st into first dc. Fasten off.
Damp and pin out to measurements.
TO MAKE UP:
A ½ in. (1.3 cm) has been allowed on all sides for seams. Cut 2 pieces of fabric 12 ins. x 6½ ins. (30.5 cm x 16.5 cm). Fold one piece of fabric right sides and short ends together. Stitch side seams. Turn to right side and insert zip in top opening. Fold remaining piece of fabric in the same way and stitch side seams. Insert inside the first piece, turn in raw edges and stitch neatly along zip. Sew crochet pieces, wrong sides together, along 3 sides, leaving picots free. Place crochet over lining and stitch neatly along top edge.

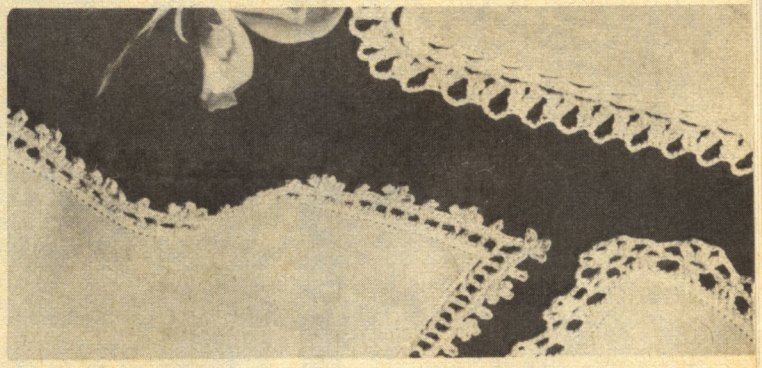


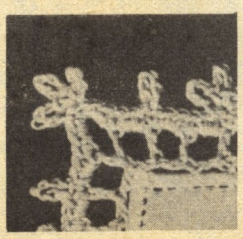
HANDKERCHIEF EDGINGS

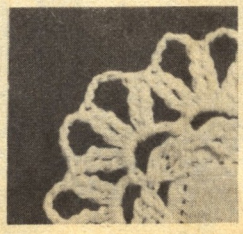
MEASUREMENTS	*in inches (cm)*	
Edging No. 1	¾	**(1.9)**
Edging No. 2	½	**(1.3)**
Edging No. 3	⅝	**(1.6)**

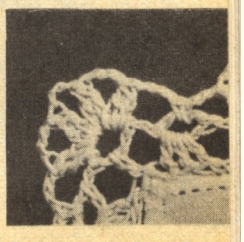
MATERIALS:
Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 1 ball; 1 steel crochet hook size 1.25 (No. 3); Handkerchiefs.
TENSION:
Edging No. 1 — 3 cl = 1 in. (2.5 cm).
Edging No. 2 — 5 sps = 1 in. (2.5 cm)
Edging No. 3 — 3 rings = 1¼ ins. (3.2 cm)
SPECIAL ABBREVIATIONS:
cl(s)=cluster, p = picot.
EDGING No. 1:
1st row — Commence with * 4 ch, leaving the last lp of each on hook work 2 dtr into 4th ch from hook, thread over and draw through all lps on hook (a 2 dtr cl made); rep from * for length required to fit around edge of handkerchief having an even number of cls; remove lp from hook, taking care not to twist ch, insert hook into base of first cl and draw dropped lp through, 1 ch.
2nd row — 1 dc into base of same cl, * 5 ch, 1 dc into base of next cl; rep from * all around, ending with 5 ch, 1 sl st into first dc.
3rd row — 1 sl st into first lp, 3 ch, 1 dtr into same lp, 5 ch, into same lp work a 2 dtr cl 5 ch and a 2 dtr cl, * into next lp work a 2 dtr cl 5 ch and a 2 dtr cl; rep from * for length required to within 1 lp from corner (into next lp work (a 2 dtr cl, 5 ch) twice and a 2 dtr cl) twice; rep from first * 3 times more, omitting (a 2 dtr cl, 5 ch) twice and a 2 dtr cl at end of last rep, 1 sl st into first dtr. Fasten off.
Damp and pin out to measurements.
Sew neatly to handkerchief.
EDGING No. 2:
1st row — Commence with 8 ch, 1 tr into 8th ch from

Please turn to Page 66









CONTINUING YOUR PLACE IN LIFE BY LUCILLE K. FORER

THE ONLY CHILD

While other children have to share the love and attention of parents, the only child has them to himself with no competition

THE only child is often somewhat self-conscious about his state. Those of us with brothers and sisters are perhaps a bit more curious about him than we are about people raised in other family positions.

The only child seems, both to himself and to us, to be a bit set off from other people.

It is possible that for us, who are not only children, there is a touch of envy increasing our interest. Deep within most of us, buried by childhood repression, is the wish that we might have had our parents all to ourselves; that their affection and energies might always have been directed wholly toward us.

It is such a usual thing in our society for parents to have more than one child that is often questioned whether or not parents of an only child might not differ in some ways from other parents.

Statistics suggest that they are likely to be in better economic circumstances than the parents of larger families, and that their social status is, on the whole, higher than average.

Both youngest children and only children have been found to display more congenital defects than first children followed by brothers and sisters. In many cases, parents probably hesitate to have more children after a child has been born with a defect of some kind, both from a fear that the defect will appear again, and from a recognition that available financial resources must be used to help the child they already have.

Physical conditions of mothers may have something to do with family limitation. Mothers of only children have been found to experience more difficult pregnancies than mothers of more than one child.

Fathers, too, have been given responsibility for the limitation of family size.

The fathers of only children have been found to have poorer health, or to complain of more physical symptoms, than the fathers of more children.

It has been my observation that the fathers of only children may sometimes be a bit dependent, for emotional or physical reasons, on the attention and care of their wives. In rare instances, such a father has become impotent after fathering one child, a means of securing psychological assurance that no more children will arrive.

The parents of any first child are likely to be quite anxious about their ability to care for their child. To these anxieties, the parents of the only child may add special tensions that grow out of conditions such as we have just described. Since no later children arrive to give them more perspective on what they may expect from themselves and from their child, they may place special pressures on their child during all the years he lives in their home.

As is the oldest child, the only child is the recipient of considerable pressure from the parents to behave in a right and proper way. Unlike the oldest child, the only child continues throughout childhood and adolescence to have the same close and undivided attention and control by his parents.

Parents tend to discipline their first children more severely than they do their later children. If one or both of the parents is an angry, violent person, this can result in considerable emotional disturbance for the child.

An adult male only child has described nightmares filled with terror during all his life, and in adulthood he has often been subject to vague formless feelings of anxiety and fear, which interfered with his professional development, because they prevent his taking on new responsibilities. Both of his parents were angry, unhappy people who were easily upset by their child.

Sometimes one or both parents of an only child will hope and decide that their child is to reach heights of achievement that will realise their own dreams of ambition that they were unable to fulfil.

Famous people who were only children often point out that the first move of their parents is, then, to make sure that their child is not "contaminated" by contact with unsuitable playmates. They do not permit their children to be friendly with neighbors considered to be of lower social, educational, or financial status.

As a result, these only children experienced extreme loneliness in childhood, and a possible deprivation in the development of their ability to enjoy and achieve relationships with other people.

Only children do not seem to react to the pressures of their parents for achievement with the same tensions that the older or oldest child may display.

They may accomplish high levels in professions or occupations, but they seem more motivated by a wish to please someone who is important to them and who is ambitious for them, rather than by any internalised self-requirements for such achievement.

The only child often seems to be generally more self-confident and relaxed throughout childhood and adulthood than are the other first-born children. He retains the full "ownership" of his parents and never experiences the disappointment of others taking his place.

HE has also been found consistently to feel and display less jealousy than does the older or oldest child. He has never had to give up his place, nor his belongings, to another child or later children in the family. He does not suffer the severe and painful jealousy that the older or oldest child does with the advent of the next child.

And throughout childhood and adolescence he is likely always to have and receive more in the way of material things than most of the children he knows.

There is evidence that the only child may often surpass other children in the intellectual level he exhibits on school scales, and he often receives relatively higher grades in school.

One usual explanation of this difference is that the only child tends to come from families with higher socio-economic and educational levels than children from larger families.

Even though there may be some drawbacks in having the complete attention of two parents.

Living for a long time as one child with two adults leads the only child to develop a strong self-concept as child. Having viewed himself as a child among adults all during his growing years, he is likely to have some difficulty in changing his self-perception even when he is adult.

Other children share the love and attention of each parent. But the only child has the parents to himself with no competition.

The psychologist, Dr. Sigmund Freud, was perhaps the first to describe the "oedipal" situation involving a so-called "love affair" between parents and children. Freud observed that a child not only looks to his parents for love and has intense love feelings toward them, but he may feel toward the parent of the opposite sex as one who might be his husband or wife.

It is very difficult — but very important — that the three members of the one-child family should come to strike the proper balance of love and intimacy among themselves.

Sometimes it happens that the parents of an only child will be so engrossed in the relationship with each other that their child will develop a feeling of being left out as a member of the family.

This sometimes occurs in a family in which one of the parents is himself or herself an only child who demands constant attention from the spouse.

It is almost impossible for the only child to avoid all feelings of being left out of the relationship between the parents. Important things go on between them in which the child can have no part; there are secrets between them. Decisions are made without consulting the child.

It is very important, then, that the parents of an only child make a special effort to include their child in family discussions.

From Forer, Lucille, Birth Order and Life Roles, First Edition, (c) 1972. Courtesy of Charles C. Thomas, Publisher, Springfield, Illinois.

NEXT WEEK: Advice for parents or parents-to-be.

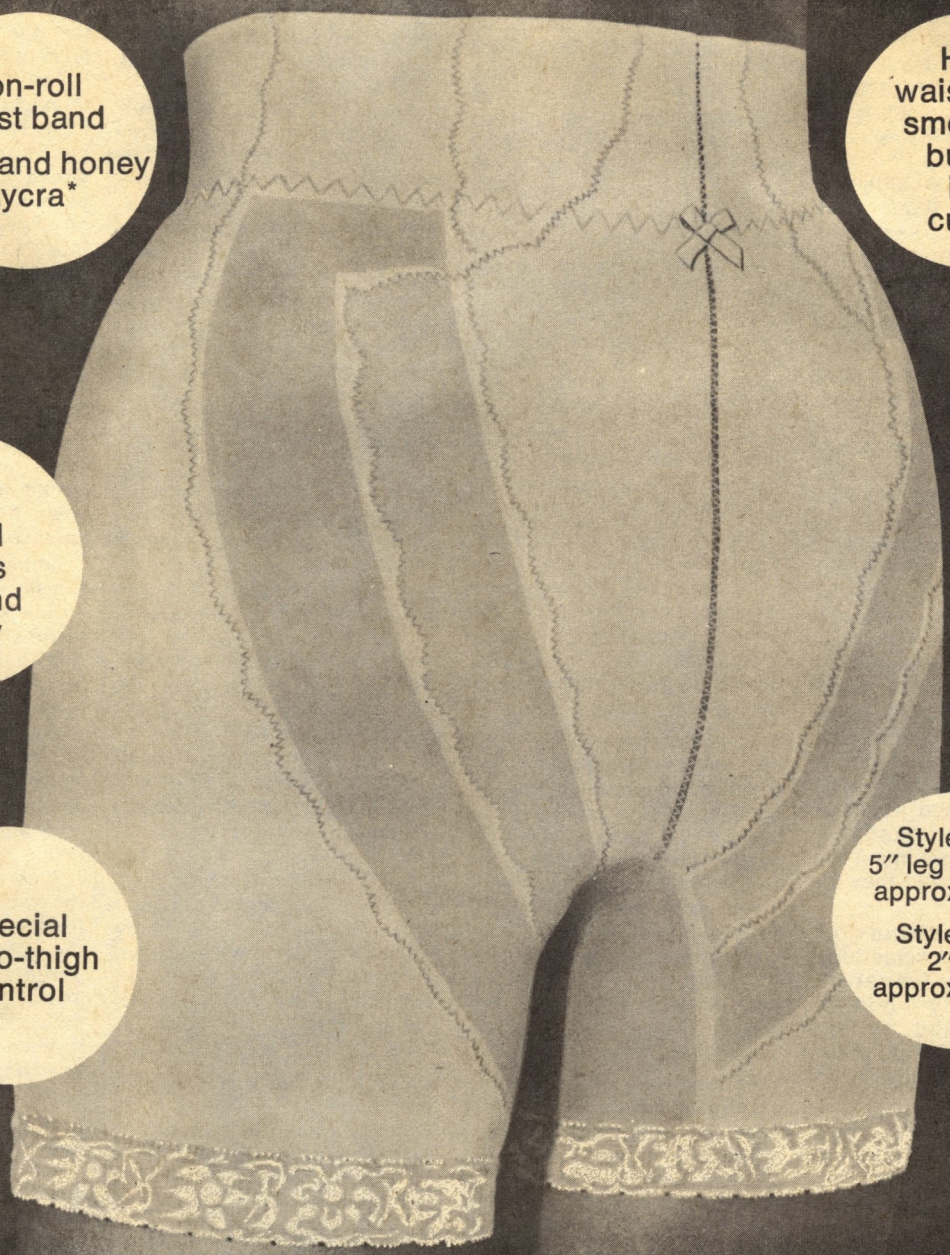
the slim•shaper

trims inches off waist, tummy and hips!

non-roll waist band

white and honey Lycra*

High waist band smoothes bulges into curves



triple control flattens waist and tummy

special hip-to-thigh control

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HESTIA

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BE1021.FPNI

For the fashion-conscious junior set to swing into the warmer months in style. Seven trendy mid-season outfits!

SPRING KNITS FOR CHILDREN

PENNY'S tank top, above, is on Page 43.

JENNIFER'S jumper, above, is on Page 44.

TIMOTHY'S jumper, above, is on Page 45.

SALLY'S dress is on Page 50.

THE pattern for Geoff and Alison's matching tops is on Page 42.

JOHNNY'S top is on Page 47.

THE PATTERN FOR JULIE'S COVER OUTFIT IS ON PAGE 53

GEOFF AND ALISON

MEASUREMENTS	*in inches*		
Underarm size	24	26	28
Garment size	26	28	30
Length	16	17	20

MATERIALS:
Patons Patex 4 (6-8) balls main color, 1 (2-2) balls 1st contrast color, 2 (3-3) balls 2nd contrast color; 1 pair each Nos. 8, 9 and 11, 1 set of 4 No. 11 knitting needles; 2 stitch holders.

TENSION:
11 sts = 2 ins. over st st.

BACK:
Using No. 11 needles and M, cast on 74 (82-90) sts.
1st row — K 2, * P 2, K 2; rep from * to end.
2nd row — P 2, * K 2, P 2; rep from * to end.
Rep 1st and 2nd rows 7 times.
** Change to No. 9 needles and work 2 rows C1 in st st. Change to No. 8 needles.
1st row — K 2 M, * K 2 M, K 2 C2, K 4 M; rep from * to end.
2nd row — * P 3 M, P 4 C2, P 1 M; rep from * to last 2 sts, P 2 M.
3rd row — K 2 M, * K 2 C2, K 2 M; rep from * to end.
4th row — P 2 C2, * P 1 C2, P 4 M, P 3 C2; rep from * to end.
5th row — K 2 C2, * K 2 M, K 2 C2; rep from * to end.
6th row — As 2nd row.
7th row — As 3rd row.
8th row — As 4th row.
9th row — K 2 C2, * K 6 M, K 2 C2; rep from * to end.
Change to No. 9 needles.
Cont st st, working 2 rows C1, 9 rows M **.
Rep from ** to ** until work measures 9¾ (10½-11½) ins. from beg, working last row on wrong side.
Shape armholes:
Keeping patt correct, cast off 8 sts at beg next 2 rows.
Dec at each end of next and alt rows until 46 (50-54) sts rem. ***
Work 35 (37-39) rows without shaping.
Shape shoulders:
Cast off 4 (5-5) sts at beg next 4 rows, then 5 (4-5) sts at beg next 2 rows. 20 (22-24) sts.
Leave rem sts on a stitch-holder.

FRONT:
Work as given for back to ***.
Work 11 (11-13) rows without shaping.
Shape neck:
Patt 17 (19-20), turn.
Work 1 row.
Dec at neck edge in next row and foll alt rows 3 (4-4) times. 13 (14-15) sts.
Work 15 rows without shaping.
Shape shoulder:
Cast off 4 (5-5) sts at beg next row and foll alt row.
Work 1 row. Cast off.
Slip next 12 (12-14) sts on stitch-holder.
Join yarn to rem sts and complete to correspond with other side.

NECKBAND:
Using back-stitch, join shoulder seams.
With right side facing, using set of No. 11 needles and M, knit up 92 (96-100) sts evenly around neck, including sts from stitch holders.
Work 8 rnds "K 2, P 2" rib.
Cast off loosely in rib.

ARMBANDS:
Right side facing, using No. 11 needles and M, knit up 92 (104-112) sts evenly along armholes.
Work 8 rows "K 2, P 2" rib.
Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP:
With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.
Using back-stitch, join side seams. Press seams.

PENNY

MEASUREMENTS	*(in inches)*		
Chest size	26	28	30
Length	11¼	11¼	12¼

MATERIALS:
Sirdar Double Crepe 2 (3-3) balls main color, 1 ball each 1st and 2nd contrasts; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 knitting needles.

TENSION:
6 sts = 1 in.

BACK AND FRONT (alike):
Using No. 10 needles and M, cast on 68 (72-80) sts.
1st row — Sl 1, K 2, * P 2, K 2; rep from * to last st, K 1.
2nd row — Sl 1, P 2, * K 2, P 2; rep from * to last st, K 1.
Rep 1st and 2nd rows 6 times, dec (inc, dec) 1 st at end of last row. (67-73-79 sts.)
Change to No. 8 needles.
1st row — Sl 1, knit to end.
2nd row — Sl 1, K 18 (19-20), P 29 (33-37), K 19 (20-21).
Rep 1st and 2nd rows twice.
7th row — Sl 1, K 20 (21-22) M, join in C1, * K 1 C1, K 3 M; rep from * to last 22 (23-24) sts, K 1 C1, knit to end in M.
8th row — Sl 1, K 18 (19-20) M, * P 1 M, P 3 C1; rep from * to last 20 (21-22) sts, P 1 M, knit to end.
9th row — Sl 1, K 18 (19-20) M, K 2 C1, join in C2, * K 1 C2, K 3 C1; rep from * to last 22 (23-24) sts, K 1 C2, K 2 C1, join in 2nd ball of M, knit to end.
10th row — Sl 1, K 18 (19-20) M, * P 1 C1, P 3 C2; rep from * to last 20 (21-22) sts, P 1 C1, using 1 st ball of M, knit to end.
11th row — Sl 1, K 18 (19-20) M, * K 2 C1, K 1 C2, K 1 C1; rep from * to last 20 (21-22) sts, K 1 C1, using 2nd ball of M, knit to end.
Break off C2 and 1st ball of M. Using C1 and 2nd ball of M, rep 8th, then 7th rows once. Break off C1.
Using M, rep 2nd, then 1st row once.
Shape armholes:
Next row — Cast off 13 (14-15) sts, K 5, P 29 (33-37), K 6, cast off rem 13 (14-15) sts. Fasten off.
Rejoin M to right side and proceed thus:
1st row — Knit to end.
2nd row — Sl 1, K 5, P 29 (33-37), K 6.
3rd row — Sl 1, knit to end.
Rep 2nd row once.
5th row — Sl 1, K 6 M, join in C2, * K 1 C2, K 1 M; rep from * to last 6 sts, K 6 M.
6th row — Sl 1, K 5 M, * P 1 M, P 1 C2; rep from * to last 7 sts, P 1 M, K 6 M.
Break off C2.
7th row — Using M, knit to end.
8th row — Sl 1, K 5 M, P 1 M, join in C2, * P 3 C2, P 1 M; rep from * to last 6 sts, K 6 M. Rep 5th, then 8th rows once. Break off C2. Rep 7th row once.
12th row — Sl 1, K 5 M, P 1 M, join in C2, * P 1 C2, P 1 M; rep from * to last 6 sts, K 6 M. Rep 5th row once. Break off C2.
Using M, rep 2nd and 3rd rows 3 times, then 2nd row once.
Proceed thus:
1st row — Sl 1, K 7 M, join in C1, * K 1 C1, K 3 M; rep from * to last 9 sts, K 1 C1, K 8 M.
2nd row — Sl 1, K 5 M, * P 1 M, P 3 C1; rep from * to last 7 sts, P 1 M, K 6 M.
3rd row — Sl 1, K 5 M, K 2 C1, join in C2, * K 1 C2, K 3 C1; rep from * to last 9 sts, K 1 C2, K 2 C1, join in 2nd ball of M, K 6 M.
4th row — Sl 1, K 5 M, * P 1 C1, P 3 C2; rep from * to last 7 sts, P 1 C1, using 1st ball of M, K 6 M.
5th row — Sl 1, K 5 M, * K 2 C1, K 1 C2, K 1 C1; rep from * to last 7 sts, K 1 C1, using 2nd ball of M, K 6 M.
Break off C2 and 1st ball of M.
Using C1 and 2nd ball of M, rep 2nd, then 1st rows once. Break off C1.
8th row — Using M, sl 1, K 5, P 29 (33-37), K 6.
9th row — Sl 1, knit to end.
10th row — As 8th row.
Rep 9th and 10th rows once, then 9th row 5 times.
Shape neck:
Next row — Sl 1, K 11 (11-11), cast off 17 (21-25) sts, K 11 (11-11).
Working on first 12 sts only, knit 27 (33-39) rows.
Cast off.
With right side facing, rejoin M yarn to rem 12 sts and knit 27 (33-39) rows.
Cast off.
TO MAKE UP:
Press lightly with damp cloth and warm iron. Sew up side and shoulder seams.

JENNIFER

MEASUREMENTS	in inches			
Chest size	26	28	30	32
Garment size	28	30	32	34
Length	17	18½	21	23½
Sleeve	12¼	14	15½	17

MATERIALS:
Sirdar Pullman 9 (10-11-12) balls; 1 pair each Nos. 4 and 6 knitting needles; 1 cable needle.

TENSION:
4 sts = 1 in over st st.
SPECIAL ABBREVIATIONS:
Cable X = sl next 2 sts on to cable needle and hold at front, P2, K2 from cable needle, sl next 2 sts on to cable needle and hold at back, K2, P2 from cable needle. Cable Y = sl next 2 sts on to cable needle and hold at back, K2, P2 from cable needle, sl next 2 sts on to cable needle and hold at front, P2, K2 from cable needle.

BACK:
Using No. 6 needles, cast on 68 (72-76-80) sts.
1st row — * K 1 tbl, P 1; rep from * to end.
2nd row — * K 1, P 1 tbl; rep from * to end.
Rep 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.
Change to No. 4 needles and patt:
1st row — K 11 (12-13-14), * P 1, K 2, P 4, K 2, P 1, K 8 (9-10-11); rep from * to last 3 sts, K 3.
2nd row — P 11 (12-13-14), * K 1, P 2, K 4, P 2, K 1, P 8 (9-10-11); rep from * to last 3 sts, P 3.
3rd row — K 11 (12-13-14), * P 1, Cable X, P 1, K 8 (9-10-11); rep from * to last 3 sts, K 3.
4th row — P 11 (12-13-14), * K 3, P 4, K 3, P 8 (9-10-11); rep from * to last 3 sts, P 3.
5th row — K 11 (12-13-14), * P 3, K 4, P 3, K 8 (9-10-11); rep from * to last 3 sts, K 3.
6th row — As 4th row.
7th row — K 11 (12-13-14), * P 1, Cable Y, P 1, K 8 (9-10-11); rep from * to last 3 sts, K 3.
8th row — As 2nd row.
These 8 rows form patt.
Cont in patt until work measures 10 (11-13-15) ins. (or req length) from beg, ending with wrong side row.

Shape raglans:
Cast off 3 sts beg of next 2 rows, then dec 1 st each end of every row until 44 (48-48-56) sts rem. **
Dec 1 st each end of every alt row until 20 (22-22-24) sts rem, ending with wrong side row. Leave sts on holder.

FRONT:
Work as for back to **, then dec 1 st each end of every alt row until 32 (36-36-40) sts rem, ending with wrong side row.

Shape neck:
Next row — Work 2 tog, patt 9 (11-11-13), turn.
Dec 1 st each end of every alt row until 4 sts rem, then at armhole edge only until 2 sts rem. Work 2 tog. Fasten off. Slip 10 centre sts on to holder.
Join yarn to rem sts at neck edge and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES:
Using No. 6 needles, cast on 32 (32-36-36) sts and work rib as for back.
Change to No. 4 needles.
1st row — K 11 (11-13-13), P 1, K 2, P 4, K 2, P 1, K 11 (11-13-13).
2nd row — P 11 (11-13-13), K 1, P 2, K 4, P 2, K 1, P 11 (11-13-13).
3rd row — K 11 (11-13-13), P 1, Cable X, P 1, K 11 (11-13-13).
4th row — P 11 (11-13-13), K 3, P 4, K 3, P 11 (11-13-13).
5th row — K 11 (11-13-13), P 3, K 4, P 3, K 11 (11-13-13).
6th row — As 4th row.
7th row — K 11 (11-13-13), P 1, Cable Y, P 1, K 11 (11-13-13).

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TIMOTHY

MEASUREMENTS	*in inches*			
Chest size	**20**	**22**	**24**	**26**
Garment size	**22**	**24**	**26**	**28**
Length	**12**	**14**	**15¾**	**17¼**
Sleeve seam	**7**	**8**	**10**	**12**

MATERIALS:
Patons Bluebell 6 (8-10-12) balls; 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 11 knitting needles; cable needle; 2 stitch-holders; 5 in. zipper.
TENSION:
13½ sts = 2 ins. over st st.
SPECIAL ABBREVIATIONS:
"Inc" = pick up loop which lies before next st, place on left hand needle and knit tbl; "Cable 6" = slip next 3 sts on to cable needle and leave at front of work, K3, then K3 from cable needle; "Bobble" = (K1, P1, K1) into next st.
BACK:
Using No. 11 needles, cast on 89 (97-107-113) sts.
1st row — K 1, * K 1 tbl, P 1; rep from * to last 2 sts, K 1 tbl, K 1.
2nd row — K 1, * P 1, K 1; rep from * to end.
Rep 1st and 2nd rows 5 (5-6-6) times, then 1st row once.
Next row — Rib 25 (29-34-25), ("Inc", rib 14, "Inc", rib 10) 2 (2-2-3) times, "Inc", rib to end. 94 (102-112-120) sts.
Change to No. 9 needles:
** **1st row** — P 15 (19-24-15), * K 1 tbl, P 2, K 6, P 2, K 1 tbl, P 14; rep from * to last 1 (5-10-1) st/s, purl to end.
2nd row — K 2 (2-3-2), ("Bobble", P 3 tog), 3 (4-5-3) times, * K 1, P 1 tbl, K 2, P 6, K 2, P 1 tbl, K 1, ("Bobble", P 3 tog) 3 times; rep from *, ending last rep ("Bobble", P 3 tog) 3 (4-5-3) times, K 2 (2-3-2).
3rd row — As 1st row.
4th row — K 2 (2-3-2), (P 3 tog, "Bobble") 3 (4-5-3) times, * K 1, P 1 tbl, K 2, P 6, K 2, P 1 tbl, K 1, (P 3 tog, "Bobble") 3 times; rep from *, ending last rep (P 3 tog, "Bobble") 3 (4-5-3) times, K 2 (2-3-2).
5th row — P 15 (19-24-15), * K 1 tbl, P 2, "Cable 6", P 2, K 1 tbl, P 14; rep from * to last 1 (5-10-1) st/s, purl to end.
6th row — As 2nd row.
7th row — As 1st row.
8th row — As 4th row. **
Rep from ** to ** until work measures 7½ (9-10-10¾) ins. from beg, working last row on wrong side.
Shape raglan:
Keeping patt correct, cast off 2 sts at beg of next 2 rows.
3rd row — K 2, sl 1, K 1, psso, patt to last 4 sts, K 2 tog, K 2.
4th row — P 2, P 2 tog, patt to last 4 sts, P 2 tog tbl, P 2.
5th row — As 3rd row.
6th row — P 3, patt to last 3 sts, P 3. ***
Rep rows 3 to 6 incl 7 (9-10-10) times. 42 (38-42-50) sts.
Smallest size only:
Dec (as before) in every row until 32 sts rem.
3 larger sizes only:
Dec (as before) in next and alt rows until (34-36-38) sts rem.
All sizes:
Work 1 row. Leave rem sts on a stitchholder.

FRONT:
Work as for back to ***.
Rep rows 3 to 6 incl 4 (5-7-8) times, **(2nd size only:** then rows 3 and 4 once). 60 (58-60-62) sts.
All sizes:
Shape neck:
1st row — K 2, sl 1, K 1, psso, patt 17 (15-15-15), turn.
1st and 3rd sizes only:
Dec (as before) at armhole edge in next, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th and 10th rows, at same time dec at neck edge in alt rows 5 times. 7 (5) sts.
Smallest size only:
Work 1 row.
Next row — K 2, sl 1, K 1, psso, patt to end.
Next row — Patt to last 4 sts, P 2 tog tbl, P 2.
Dec (as before) in every row until 3 sts rem.
2nd size only:
Dec (as before) at armhole edge in 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th and 12th rows, at same time dec at neck edge in alt rows 5 times. (4 sts.)
Dec at armhole edge only (as before) in 2nd row. (3 sts.)
Work 1 row.
Largest size only:
Dec (as before) at armhole edge in next, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th rows, at same time dec at neck edge in alt rows 5 times. (6 sts.)
2 larger sizes only:
Dec at armhole edge only (as before) in alt rows until 3 sts rem. Work 1 row.
All sizes:
Next row — K 1, sl 1, K 1, psso.
Next row — P 2, turn, K 2 tog. Fasten off.
Slip next 18 (20-22-24) sts on to a stitch-holder. Join yarn to rem sts and complete to correspond with other side,

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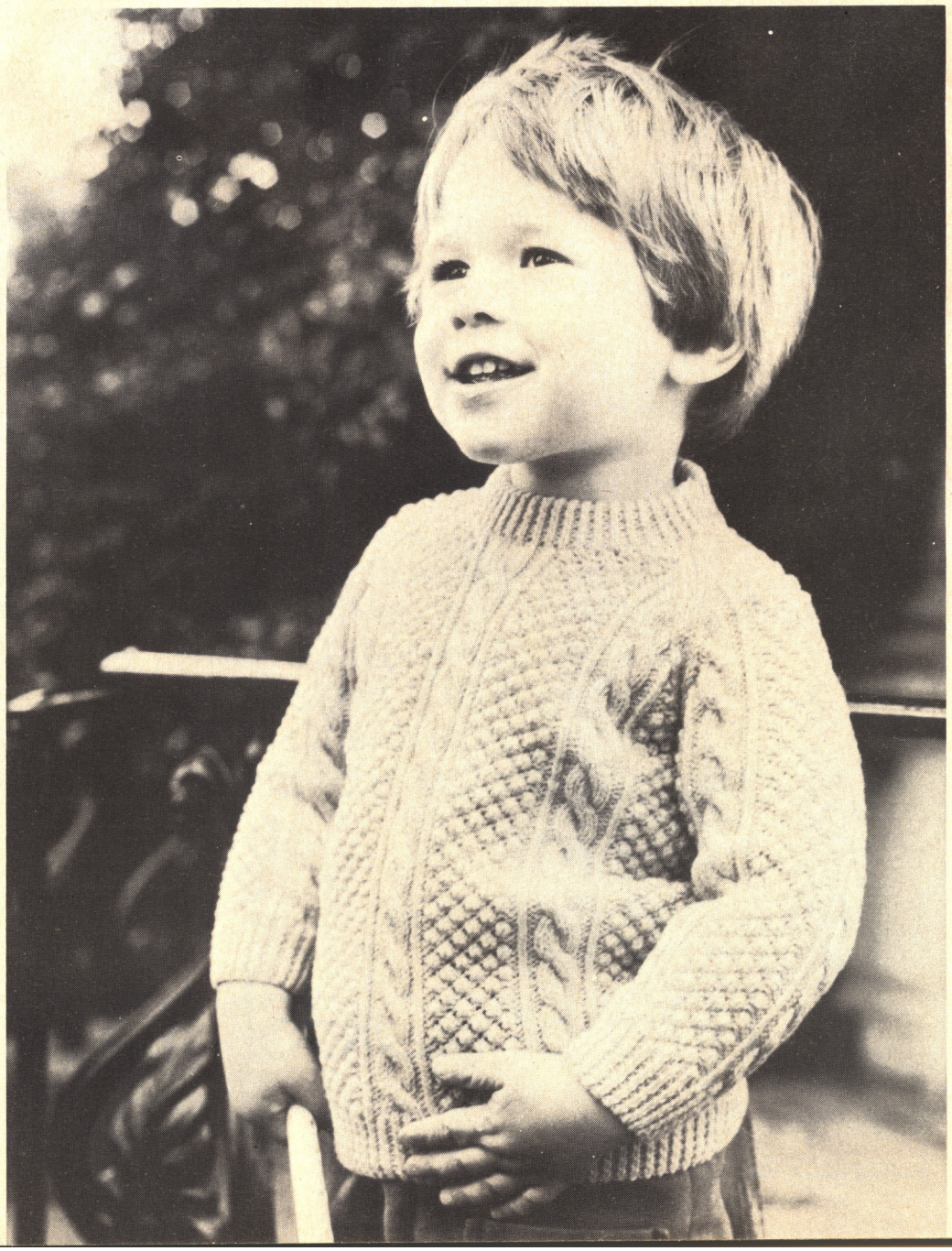

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JOHNNY

MEASUREMENTS	*in inches*		
Underarm size	22	24	26
Length at centre back	13½	15¼	16¾
Sleeve seam	2¾	2¼	3½

MATERIALS:
Patons Gem Knitting Cotton: 3 (4-4) balls main color, 3 (4-4) balls contrast color; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 14 knitting needles; 2.50 mm crochet hook.

TENSION:
7½ sts and 12 rows = 1 in.

SPECIAL ABBREVIATIONS:
SlP = slip one stitch purl-wise.

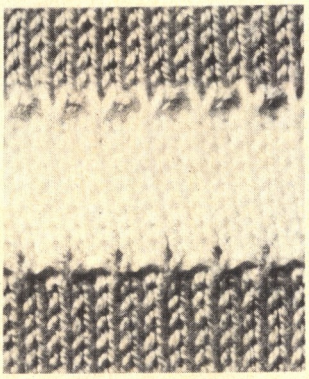
BACK:
Using No. 14 needles and M, cast on 91 (99-107) sts.
1st row — * K 1 tbl, P 1; rep from * to last st, K 1 tbl.
2nd row — * P 1, K 1 tbl; rep from * to last st, P 1.
Rep these 2 rows for 1½ ins., ending with a 1st row.
Next row — Purl.
Change to No. 12 needles and patt, carrying yarn not in use up side of work.
1st row — Using C, K 1, * sl P, K 1; rep from * to end.
2nd row — Using C, K 1, * yfwd, sl P, yb, K 1; rep from * to end.
3rd to 10th row — Using C, beg with a knit row, st st 8 rows.
11th and 12th rows — Using M, as 1st and 2nd rows.
13th to 20th row — Using M, beg with a knit row, st st 8 rows.
These 20 rows form patt. Cont patt until the 4th (18th-12th) row of the 5th (5th-6th) patt has been worked. **
Shape raglan:
Keeping patt correct, dec 1 st at each end next and every foll alt row until 67 (69-71) sts rem, ending with a right side row.
Divide for back opening:
Next row — Patt 32 (33-34), P 2 tog, turn.
Cont on this set of 33 (34-35) sts, dec at raglan edge as before until 15 (16-17) sts rem, ending with a wrong side row. Slip sts on to a safety-pin.
With wrong side facing, rejoin yarn to rem sts, patt to end.
Complete to correspond with first side.

FRONT:
Work as back to **.
Shape raglan:
Keeping patt correct, dec 1 st at each end next and every foll alt row until 45 (47-49) sts rem, ending with a right side row.
Shape neck:
Next row — Patt 9, turn.
Cont on these sts only, dec at raglan edge as before until 2 sts rem. Cast off.
With wrong side facing, slip centre 27 (29-31) sts on to the stitch-holder, rejoin yarn to rem sts, patt to end. Complete to correspond with first side.

SLEEVES:
With No. 14 needles and M, cast on 69 (75-83) sts.
Work ¾ in. rib as in back, ending with a 1st row.
Next row — Purl.
Change to No. 12 needles and work 24 (18-32) rows patt as in back.
Shape raglan:
Keeping patt correct, dec 1 st each end next and every foll alt row until 9 (9-11) sts rem, ending with a wrong side row.
Slip sts on to a safety-pin.

NECKBAND:
Sew raglan seams.
With No. 14 needles, M and right side facing, K 15 (16-17) sts from left back, 9 (9-11) sts from sleeve, pick up and K 11 (12-11) sts down side of neck, 1 st at corner, K 27 (29-31) centre sts, pick up and knit 1 st at corner, pick up and K 11 (12-11) sts up side of neck, K 9 (9-11) sts from sleeve and 15 (16-17) sts from right back. 99 (105-111) sts.
1st row (wrong side) — * K 1 tbl, P1; rep from * to last st, K 1 tbl.
2nd row — * Rib to 2 sts before corner st, K 2 tog tbl, K 1 tbl, K 2 tog; rep from * once, rib to end.
3rd row — * Rib to 1 st before corner st, P 3; rep from * once, rib to end.
4th row — * Rib to 2 sts before corner st, P 2 tog, K 1 tbl, P 2 tog; rep from * once, rib to end.
Rep these 4 rows once, then the 1st row again. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP:
Sew side and sleeve seams. With crochet hook and M, work 1 row of double crochet around back opening. Sew in zip.
Press lightly on the wrong side with warm iron.



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Hey Diddle Yum.
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2130

JENNIFER

Continued from Page 44

8th row — As 2nd row. These 8 rows form patt. Cont in patt, inc 1 st each end of next, then every foll 4th row until there are 44 (48-40-42) sts, then in every foll 6th row until 48 (52-54-58) sts, working extra sts in st st.

Cont without shaping until sleeve edge measures 12½ (14-15½-17) ins. (or req length) from beg, ending with wrong side row.

Shape raglans:

Cast off 3 sts beg of next 2 rows. Dec 1 st each end of next, then every foll alt row until 8 (10-10-10) sts rem, ending with wrong side row.

Leave sts on holder.

TO MAKE UP:

Press lightly with damp cloth and warm iron. Using fine back-st, join 3 raglans, leaving back left seam open.

With right side facing and using No. 6 needles, pick up and knit 66 (72-76-82) sts around neck (including sts on holders).

Work 14 rows rib as for back. Cast off in rib using No. 4 needles. Join rem raglan and neckband seam. Fold neckband to right side and sl st in position. Press seams.

ABBREVIATIONS

K — knit
P — purl
st (s) — stitch (es)
sl — slip
st st — stocking stitch
m st — moss stitch
g st — garter stitch
yon — yarn over needle
yrn — yarn round needle
yft — yarn front
yfwd — yarn forward
yb — yarn back
psso — pass slip stitch over
beg — beginning
cont — continue
rep — repeat
foll — following
tog — together
alt — alternate
rem — remain (ing)
patt — pattern
inc — increase
dec — decrease
incl — inclusive
rnd — round
in. (s.) — inch (es)
no. (s.) — number (s)
M — main color
C1 — 1st contrast
C2 — 2nd contrast
ch — chain
sl st — slip stitch
dc — double crochet
tr — treble
dtr — double treble
htr — half treble
trip tr — triple treble
yd (s) — yard (s)
sp — space
gr — group

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SALLY

MEASUREMENTS	*in inches*	
Underarm size	24	26
Garment size	24	26
Length	19½	21½
Sleeve	2½	2½

MATERIALS:
Patons Sunspun Boucle — 4 (5) balls main color, 3 balls (both sizes) contrast color; 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 3½ mm (No. 9) crochet hook; length of hem facing.

TENSION:
12 sts = 2 ins. over st st.

BACK:
Using M, cast on 108 (117) sts and work 4 rows st st. Using C, work 4 rows st st. Cont stripes until work measures 10¼ (11) ins., ending with a purl row. **

Next row — * K 2 tog, K 1; rep from * to end. 72 (78) sts. Cont stripes until work measures 14¼ (15½) ins., ending with a purl row.

Shape armholes:
Cont stripes, casting off 3 sts at beg next 2 rows. Dec at each end next and alt rows until 58 (62) sts rem. Work 31 (35) rows.

Shape shoulders:
Cast off 9 (10) sts at beg next 4 rows. (22 sts.) Cast off.

Please turn to Page 54

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MEASUREMENTS				in inches (cm)
Jumper				
Chest size	**24**	**26**	**28**	**(61-66-71)**
Garment size	**25**	**27**	**29**	**(63-69-74)**
Sleeve	**2½**	**2½**	**2¾**	**(6- 6- 7)**
Length	**14½**	**16**	**17½**	**(37-41-44)**
Skirt				
Waist	**22½**	**23½**	**24**	**(57-60-61)**
Length	**11¾**	**13**	**14¾**	**(30-33-37)**

MATERIALS:
Patons Totem or Patons Baroness Bri-Nylon; Jumper: 6 (7-8) balls 1st contrast, 2 balls 2nd contrast, small quantities of contrasts for embroidery; Skirt: 6 (7-10) balls main color; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10, 1 set No. 10 knitting needles; round elastic; stitch holder.

TENSION:
11½ sts = 2 ins. (5 cm) over st st.

JUMPER

BACK:
Using No. 10 needles and C2, cast on 72 (76-80) sts.
1st row — K 2, * P 1, K 1; rep from * to end.
Rep 1st row 11 times.
Change to No. 8 needles and C1.
1st row — Knit.
2nd row — Purl.
Cont in st st until work measures 8¾ (9-9¼) ins. (21-23-24 cm) from beg, ending with a purl row.
Shape raglan armholes:
Cast off 5 sts at beg of next 2 rows.
Next row — K 1, sl 1, K 1, psso, knit to last 3 sts, K 2 tog, K 1.
Work 3 rows.
Next row — K 1, sl 1, K 1, psso, knit to last 3 sts, K 2 tog, K 1. **
2 larger sizes only:
Dec (as before) at each end of foll 4th rows until (58-52) sts rem.
All sizes:
Cont dec (as before) in every alt row until 18 (20-22) sts rem.
Work 1 row. Cast off.

POCKET:
Using No. 8 needles and C1, cast on 15 sts.
Work 18 rows in st st.
Leave sts on a stitch holder.

FRONT:
Work as given for back to **.
2 larger sizes only:
Dec at each end (as before) in foll 4th rows (1-2) time/s.
All sizes:
Work 1 (3-3) row/s.
Next row — K 1, sl 1, K 1, psso, K 5 (6-7), knit across pocket sts of stitch holder; slip next 15 sts on a stitch holder, and leave at front, knit to last 3 sts, K 2 tog, K 1.
2 smaller sizes only:
Dec at each end (as before) in every alt row until 48 (50) sts rem.
Largest size only:
Dec at each end (as before) in foll 4th rows until 54 sts rem.
All sizes:
Work 1 (1-3) row/s.
Shape neck:
Next row — K 1, sl 1, K 1, psso, K 16 (16-18), cast off 10 (12-12) sts, knit to last 3 sts, K 2 tog, K 1.
Cont on these 18 (18-20) sts, dec at armhole edge (as before) in every alt row, and **at same time** dec at neck edge in foll alt row once, then in every foll 4th row until 10 (10-9) sts rem.
Dec at armhole edge only in every alt row until 2 sts rem.
Work 1 row.
Work 2 tog. Fasten off.
Join yarn to rem sts and complete to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES:
Using No. 10 needles and C2, cast on 56 (62-66) sts.
1st row — K 2, * P 1, K 1; rep from * to end.
Rep 1st row 5 times.
Change to No. 8 needles and C1.
1st row — Knit.
2nd row — Purl.
Cont in st st until side edge measures 2½ (2½-2¾) ins. (6-6-7 cm) from beg, ending with a purl row.
Shape raglan top:
Cast off 5 sts at beg of next 2 rows.
Next row — K 1, sl 1, K 1, psso, knit to last 3 sts, K 2 tog, K 1.
Cont dec in this manner in foll 4th rows until 38 (44-40) sts rem, then in every alt row until 8 sts rem.
Work 1 row. Cast off.

NECKBAND:
Using back-stitch, sew in sleeves.
Right side facing, beg at left shoulder, using No. 10 needles and C2, knit up 100 (104-108) sts evenly around neck.
Work 6 rounds "K 1, P 1" rib.
Cast off loosely in rib.
Pocket top:
Right side facing, using No. 10 needles and C2, knit across pocket top sts.
1st row — P 1, * K 1, P 1; rep from * to end.
2nd row — K 1, * P 1, K 1; rep from * to end.
Rep 2nd and 3rd rows once.
Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP:
DO NOT PRESS BARONESS. With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using back-stitch, join the side and sleeve seams.
Stitch pocket and top edge in position. Make 3 small pom-pons for cherries, embroider leaf as illustrated and attach "cherries" to pocket with crochet chain. Press seams.

SKIRT

BACK:
Using No. 8 needles and M, cast on 128 (140-152) sts.
1st row — P 2, * K 4, P 2; rep from * to end.
2nd row — K 2, * P 4, K 2; rep from * to end.
Rep last 2 rows 21 (22-23) times.
Next row — P 2, * K 2 tog, K 2, P 2; rep from * to end. 107 (117-127) sts.
Next row — K 2, * P 3, K 2; rep from * to end.
Next row — P 2, * K 3, P 2; rep from * to end.
Rep last 2 rows 10 (11-11) times.
Next row — K 2, * P 3, K 2; rep from * to end.
Next row — P 2, * K 2 tog, K 1, P 2; rep from * to end. 86 (94-102) sts.
Next row — K 2, * P 2, K 2; rep from * to end.
Cont in P 2, K 2 rib until work measures 11¾ (13-14¾) ins. (30-33-37 cm) from beg, working last row on wrong side.
Cast off.

FRONT:
Work as given for back.

TO MAKE UP:
DO NOT PRESS BARONESS. With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press very lightly. Using back-stitch, join side seams. Thread elastic through 1st, 3rd and 5th rows of rib at waist. Press seams.

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PM955/72

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PM824/72 HP94X51

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BE18X52

TIMOTHY *Continued from Page 45*

working "K 2 tog" in place of "sl 1, K 1, psso" and "P 2 tog" in place of "P 2 tog tbl".

SLEEVES:
Using No. 11 needles, cast on 49 (51-53-55) sts.
1st and 3rd sizes only:
Work 13 (15) rows in rib as for back.
2nd and 4th sizes only:
1st row — K 1, * P 1, K 1 tbl; rep from * to last 2 sts, P 1, K 1.
2nd row — P 1, * K 1, P 1; rep from * to end.
Rep 1st and 2nd rows (5-6) times, then 1st row once.
All sizes:
Next row — Rib 7 (8-9-10), "Inc", rib 10, "Inc", rib 14, "Inc", rib 10, "Inc", rib to last st, "Inc", K 1. 54 (56-58-60) sts.
Change to No. 9 needles:
1st row — P 8 (9-10-11), K 1 tbl, P 2, K 6, P 2, K 1 tbl, P 14, K 1 tbl, P 2, K 6, P 2, K 1 tbl, P 8 (9-10-11).
2nd row — K 3 (0-1-2), ("Bobble", P 3 tog) once (twice-twice-twice), K 1, P 1 tbl, K 2, P 6, K 2, P 1 tbl, K 1, ("Bobble", P 3 tog) 3 times, K 1, P 1 tbl, K 2, P 6, K 2, P 1 tbl, K 1, ("Bobble", P 3 tog) once (twice-twice-twice), K 3 (0-1-2).
3rd row — P 8 (9-10-11), K 1 tbl, P 2, K 6, P 2, K 1 tbl, P 14, K 1 tbl, P 2, K 6, P 2, K 1 tbl, P 8 (9-10-11).
4th row — K 3 (0-1-2), (P 3 tog, "Bobble" once (twice-twice-twice), K 1, P 1 tbl, K 2, P 6, K 2, P 1 tbl, K 1, (P 3, "Bobble") 3 times, K 1, P 1 tbl, K 2, P 6, K 2, P 1 tbl, K 1, (P 3 tog, "Bobble") once (twice-twice-twice), K 3 (0-1-2).
Keeping patt correct (working extra sts in purl fabric until there are 4 sts at each end, then working them into blackberry st), inc at each end of next and foll 4th rows until there are 68 (66-64-66) sts. **3 larger sizes only:** then in foll 6th rows until there are (72-78-86) sts.
Cont patt until side edge measures 7 (8-10-12) ins. from beg, working last row on wrong side.
Shape raglan:
Cast off 2 sts at beg next 2 rows.
3rd row — K 2, sl 1, K 1, psso, patt to last 4 sts, K 2 tog, K 2.
4th row — P 2, P 2 tog, patt to last 4 sts, P 2 tog tbl, P 2.
5th row — As 3rd row.
6th row — P 3, patt to last 3 sts, P 3.
Rep rows 3 to 6 incl 7 (6-6-7) times. 16 (26-32-34) sts.
Dec (as before) in next and alt rows until 10 sts rem.
Work 1 row. Cast off.
NECKBAND:
Using back-stitch, sew sleeves to front and back (leaving 3 in. opening on left back raglan seam). With right side facing, using No. 11 needles, knit up 85 (89-93-101) sts evenly around neck, including sts from stitch-holders.
1st row — K 1, * P 1, K 1; rep from * to end.
2nd row — K 1, * K 1 tbl, P 1; rep from * to last 2 sts, K 1 tbl, K 1.
Rep 1st and 2nd rows 9 (9-10-10) times.
Using a No. 9 needle, cast off in rib.
TO MAKE UP:
With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using back-stitch, sew up side and sleeve seams. Fold neckband in half on to wrong side and slip-stitch in position. Sew zip in position. Press seams.

SALLY *Continued from Page 50*

FRONT:
Work as for back to **.
Next row — (K 2 tog) 18 (20) times, K 36 (39), (K 2 tog) 18 (19) times.
Cont st st until work measures 14¼ (15½) ins., ending with a purl row.
Shape armholes:
Cont stripes, casting off 3 sts at beg next 2 rows.
Divide for front opening:
Next row — K 2 tog, K 28 (31), cast off 6 sts, K 28 (31), K 2 tog.
Cont on last 29 (32) sts, dec at armhole edge only in alt rows until 26 (28) sts rem.
Work 13 (15) rows.
Shape neck:
Next row — Cast off 3 sts, knit to end.
Cont st st dec at neck edge only in alt rows 5 times.
Work 8 rows.
Shape shoulder:
Cast off 9 (10) sts at beg next row.
Work 1 row. Cast off.
Join yarn to rem sts and complete to correspond with other side.

SLEEVE:
Using M, cast on 50 (54) sts and work 4 rows st st.
Next row — * K 1, inc in next st; rep from * to end. 75 (81) sts.
Cont st st until work measures 2 ins. from beg, ending with a purl row.
Shape top:
Cast off 3 sts at beg next 2 rows.
Dec at each end every row until 17 (11) sts rem.
Cast off.

TO MAKE UP:
Using back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves. Work 1 row dc around all edges, working 5 eyelets down each side of front opening. Using 2 strands of yarn 4 yds. long, make a twisted cord and thread through holes along front opening. Attach hem facing.

Please do not smoke

If you would like more information on smoking and health please telephone BRISBANE 52.2411, SYDNEY 2.0563, MELBOURNE 32.1386 or 662.2822, HOBART 30.9011, ADELAIDE 42.3597, PERTH 22.4604, CANBERRA 49.8077, DARWIN 3821, or write to Commonwealth Department of Health, P.O. Box 100, Curtin, A.C.T. 2605.

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Quality is the best policy when renewing household linen or kitchen ware!

MADE TO LAST

I WANT to buy towels as I am getting married soon. How should I choose them? I want top quality because they will last longer.

HERE'S a short checklist for points to look for:

- Look for a firm, close underweave for wear and durability.
- Look for close, thick loops, for quick drying.
- Choose towels of soft, medium-soft or rough texture, as you prefer them.
- Choose a towel that won't pull-in at either end, or at the border, but will take laundering and machine drying without pulling in.
- Buy the best quality you can afford. It pays in looks and wear.
- Choose towels with a brand name in which you have confidence.

SAVES TIME

FOR YEARS women seemed to use a pressure cooker; now you don't hear much about them. Are they good to have?

A PRESSURE cooker, when used correctly, saves on cooking time and fuel, and consequently, color, flavor and textures of food are preserved because of the shorter cooking time and the loss of food value is minimised. It can be very worthwhile if used according to directions.

WASH-AND-WEAR

WHAT IS the difference between wash-and-wear and permanent press in clothes?

WASH-AND-WEAR garments are treated with cross-linking chemicals. The fabric is then dried, cured and washed to remove odors. It's then cut, sewed and pressed with standard pressing equipment. In permanent press, the fabric is treated with chemicals and allowed to dry. The fabric is then cut, sewed and pressed. It is then cured with high temperature to give it permanent shape.

BAKING DISHES

I HAVE been told by a friend that I should throw away most of my baking pans since they are in such bad condition. Does this make much difference?

YOUR friend is so right. It certainly does make a difference. If you want first quality baked cakes, biscuits, etc., you need first class utensils. For instance, a warped aluminium or tin pan will cause uneven baking and browning. Pans badly dented or scratched will often cause sticking and uneven browning and be hard to clean. More information should be given as to the importance of size, shape and materials of baking pans for baking results.

TUBE PANS

WHAT IS a tube pan? I come across it a lot in recipes.

IT IS a large, high, generally round, cake pan with a tube in the centre, somewhat like a ring tin, but the tube is open at the top, not closed over as in the ring tin. It is also called an angel food cake pan (9 in. diameter, 4 in. high). It is used for angel food cakes, sponges, chiffon cakes, fruit cakes, etc. They were imported, but one is now manufactured in Australia. They are wonderful for family or party desserts.

CLEANING BRASS

I HAVE some nice pieces of brass and copper. How often should I clean them?

THERE is no set rule, because the conditions under which they become dusty or tarnished is different in each home. Basically, copper and brass are treated identically. Keep as dust-free as possible because accumulated dust builds up into a greasy film which can be very hard to clean or polish off and will eventually eat into the metal and pit it. Buy a copper-brass polish that does not make too broad claims, as no one cleaner is equally effective for all metals.

NEW LINEN

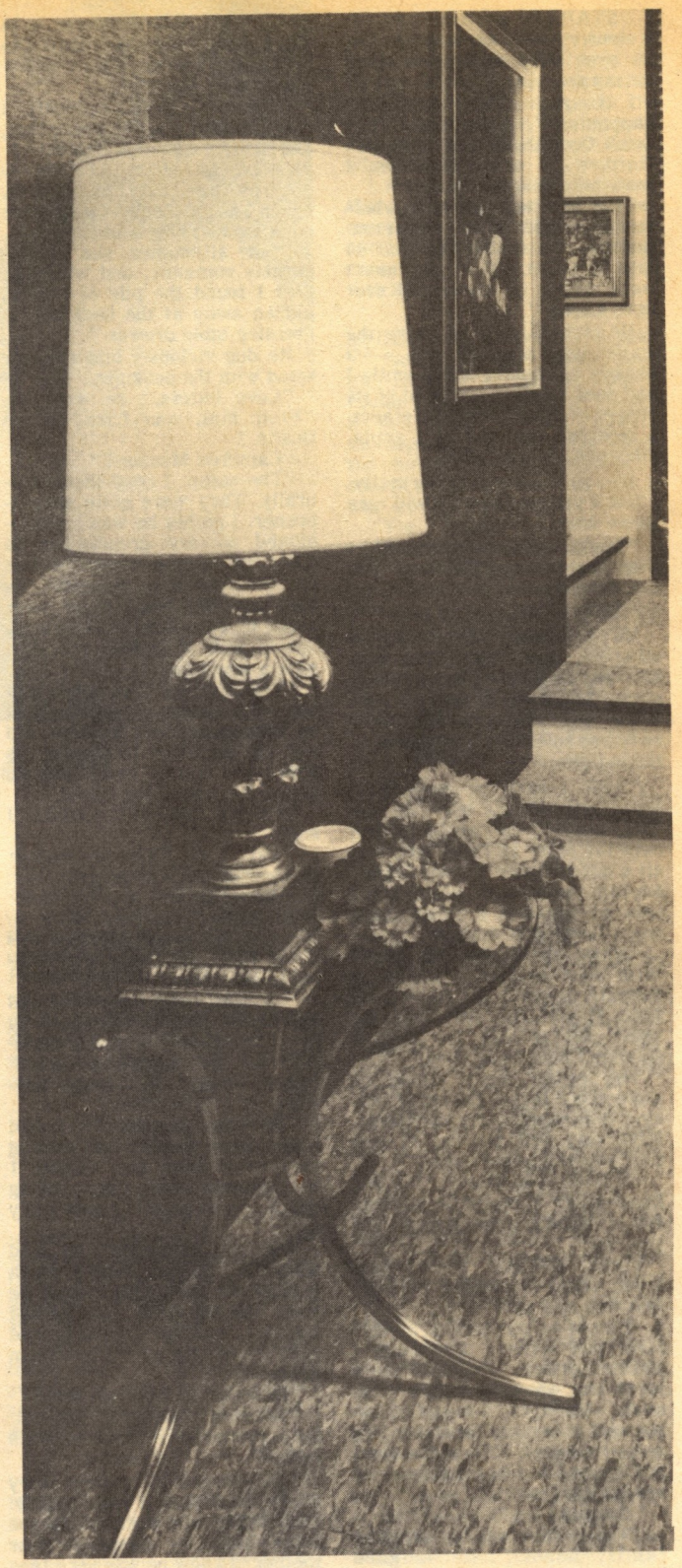
I HAVE to buy some new linen for our new home. How many sheets would a couple need to start out with?

A VERY satisfactory supply can be figured on the basis of six sheets for each bed in the house. This provides for: two sheets in use, two sheets in the laundry, and two sheets in the linen closet. This supply could be built up gradually, so they all don't wear out at the same time. For pillow cases, six cases for each pillow, then later a few more for emergencies.

BARBECUES

MY FAMILY loves barbecuing, but I dislike all the cleaning up afterwards. The frying pan I use is messy to clean. Is there an easier way?

THE easiest way out is not to use pans on the barbecue. Make use of the grill and prepare food that can be cooked on it. If for some reason you like to use the frying pan, and it is messy to clean one, take an old cloth or paper towels and saturate with oil (use oil you have already used) rub over the outside of the pan. This will take off the excess loose black. Then wash and rinse. Another way is to place a piece of foil over the complete bottom of the pan. This prevents it from becoming black, and you can throw away the foil when you are through barbecuing.



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CONTINUING OUR MYSTERY SERIAL

Bright face of DANGER

BY ANTHEA FRASER

SUSAN BARTON is employed by author MATTHEW HAIG to help him with his latest novel based on the murder of famous artist CAMERON MENZIES. Susan becomes very friendly with Matthew's cousin, MIKE STACY, who hints that Matthew may have been involved in the death of his previous secretary, LINDA HARVEY, who drowned in a nearby bay. When Matthew's former wife journalist, KATE HARDACRE dies in a car accident shortly after leaving the house during a fierce argument with Matthew over custody of their young daughter, SARAH, Mike informs Susan that he suspects Matthew of implication in her death too. Susan, who has fallen deeply in love with Matthew, is shocked when she discovers that, contrary to popular belief, Linda Harvey was an excellent swimmer and could not have died accidentally! After a mysterious fire in which Matthew's novel is destroyed, Susan confronts Matthew with her suspicions about his implication in the deaths of the two women. They have a furious row and while Susan locks herself in her room, Matthew leaves for London after receiving a telephone call. While he is away, Susan goes to Mike's farm to pick him up for an outing to the Chapelcombe Show. Waiting for Mike in the living-room Susan discovers that a portrait of his dead mother had been painted by the murdered artist, Cameron Menzies. She mentions her discovery to Mike whose reaction is far from what she expected. Shrinking with fear, she hears him tell her the unbelievable fact that he had murdered both Linda and Kate! NOW READ ON.

I STARED at him incredulously; he was smiling, but his eyes were veiled, watching for my reaction.

I thought, "This just is not happening." And then, "Oh, thank God, thank God, it wasn't Matthew at all!" And then I knew he meant to kill me!

"Let me tell you the whole story," said Mike conversationally. "I would like you to hear it. After all, if you hadn't come along, no one would ever have known."

He smiled, and it was the smile that petrified me — a ghastly caricature of the smile I had seen so often, stripped of its veneer of charm and tenderness, a bleached skeleton of a smile, macabre and horrifying.

He said, almost normally, "Won't you sit down? It will take some time."

"Couldn't you tell me later?" I said hopelessly. "The men will be back soon."

"They won't come in here."

He was mad, of course, he must be. And I was alone with him and help could not possibly come. The irony of the fact that Mike and Matthew had now switched roles was beyond me at the moment.

"Well, I shall sit down, anyway." He leaned back on the sofa, one leg carelessly thrown over the other as I had seen him sit a dozen times. I stood watching him, foolishly feeling that if I was on my feet I might have some fleeting advantage.

"Now, where shall we start? With your beloved Matthew, I suppose. It really all starts with him. If you had only had the sense not to fall for him, I shouldn't have to kill you."

The casual words made no more sense than a swarm of buzzing flies against my eardrums. Mike was still talking, in that flat, expressionless voice.

"I loved you, Susan. Do you know that? I really loved you. But I wasn't good enough for you, was I?"

I said jerkily, "I told you, Mike, there is nothing between Matthew and me."

"I know he can be charming," Mike said bitterly, as though I had not spoken. "I used to see a lot of him when my mother was alive." His eyes flickered to the portrait above my head and his voice hardened. "Then she died, and I found out he had despised her all the time."

"Despised her?"

"Yes — him and his sense of family honor!" He laughed harshly. "What a blow that must have been to him. I suppose he was about 20 when he found out, when his father died."

"Found out what?"

"That my mother was a harlot and I a bastard!" The brutal words sounded old-fashioned, and somehow senseless.

"Mike!" I was appalled by the passion in his face. "You must be wrong."

"Perhaps harlot is too harsh a word. Very well, Susan, for your tender ears, I shall amend it. A 'wronged woman'. But the result was the same. Me!"

"I don't understand."

"My mother died suddenly. I don't know if you had heard that. She was, as it were, taken unawares, and had no time to destroy her private papers, which she no doubt would have done as she grew older.

"Like all women, she was incurably romantic, and when she died I found the pile of letters, hidden away at the back of her dressing-table drawer."

He dug viciously into the raw wood with the penknife.

"Love letters," he went on, "From him, your friend of the thistle."

"Cameron Menzies?"

"The same. I read them, naturally. They were quite an eye-opener. I gather he was commissioned by my grandfather to paint my mother when she was 18. She was very beautiful, as you see. He must have been about 40, I suppose, already well-known and, of course, married, with a small child.

"They fell in love. He wrote her very passionate letters and so, reading between the lines, did she. He promised to divorce his wife and marry her. The old story. Too sordid for words."

"I don't think it's sordid," I said.

"Well, I do. Then my mother discovered she was pregnant and I imagine all hell was let loose. Grandfather stormed over to Mevacombe, where Menzies was living then, but there was nothing to be gained.

"Menzies must have hummed and haaed, but his wife stood by him. He offered to make provision for the baby, but grandfather refused to accept anything."

"So what happened?" I had some vague thought that as long as I could keep him talking I was gaining extra time, during which help might conceivably come.

"Nothing happened" he said abruptly. "Mother went up north to relations and in due course the story was put about that she had married and her husband had been killed in a convenient train crash."

"How do you know all this?"

"Because, believe it or not, they continued writing to each other."

"They must have been very much in love," I said softly. "But Mike, why ever should you think Matthew despised your mother? I know he was very fond of her."

"How could he help but despise her? As head of the family, he had to dole out portions of money to her quarterly, allegedly from my father. I found receipts for those, too. Actually, of course, grandfather had made all the arrangements."

"There is one thing," I said seriously, "I am quite sure Matthew doesn't know who your father was."

"Perhaps not. That is immaterial. Anyway, when I found out myself, Derek was with me. He had been very good, helping me go through everything, and of course when I started to read the letters I didn't realise what they were. He saw them, and it was useless, in the state I was in, to try to hide it all from him."

I had forgotten about Derek, with his hot groping hands and horrible laugh.

"Mike," I said gently, "Don't tell me any more, please."

He looked so normal, sitting there on the sofa, a frown of concentration on his face as he notched the wood. I tried to forget that it was a valuable ornament that he was mutilating, and wishful thinking momentarily convinced me that I could not possibly be in any danger. If I could keep him calm, it would be all right.

"You should be very proud of your father. He was a great painter."

"But not such a great man."

"Human, that's all."

"Passionate, artistic temperament and all that, I suppose. Perhaps. Well, he certainly got a shock when he saw me, I can tell you!"

My scalp tingled. This was just what I had hoped would not happen, what I had been fighting to suppress inside my head.

"Mike!" I said warningly. The odd look was back in his eyes and I realised how foolish I had been in my self-deception. I was far from safe.

"Derek thought, and I agreed, that he shouldn't be allowed to get off scot-free. We decided I should go along and see if he was any good for the odd touch."

"Blackmail?"

He shrugged, conceding the point. "So I went. There were a lot of people milling about. I went in with a crowd of them and up to the second floor. He let me in when I rang, and he was alone."

His mouth twitched and his fingers, still grasping the little knife, started to shake horribly. This, I thought irrelevantly, is what Matthew and I had hammered out with such little result. The motive for murder.

Mike looked up suddenly and met my eyes. "I didn't mean to kill him," he said simply. "He was quite a pleasant old boy — goatee beard and rather long hair." A ghost of his old grin flickered across his mouth.

"As I said, it was a great shock to see me. I think he might have had a heart attack anyway. His face went all grey. He said he had always wanted to support me, but my grandfather, and later my uncle would take nothing. Pride, I suppose.

"Well, I was jittery, as you can imagine, and it all seemed so easy I thought there must be a catch in it. Also, there was the hell of a noise outside — shouting and laughing — and I kept thinking someone would burst in."

Susan realises that Mike is insane and that he intends to kill her, too!

He paused. He was breathing very rapidly and his words came unevenly, in stacatto bursts. My nails bit into the palms of my hands and my teeth were clamped together to prevent their rattling.

The whole of my body was gripped by shuddering revulsion. I didn't want to hear, and yet I knew I had to. I, Susan Barton, had unwillingly solved the riddle of Cameron Menzies' murder, and I wished to God I had not.

Mike flung the penknife across the room with sudden violence, and it clattered against the wall. I must have jumped six inches.

"Well," he said angrily, "He reached towards the phone. How did I know he was only going for his pen? I snatched up the ornament and hit him. Only to stop him, really. But it was heavier than I thought and it knocked him over."

There was a long silence.

AT last Mike said, "I hadn't touched anything else. I used my handkerchief to wipe it and open the door. There was no one in the corridor, but the din was still going on from one of the rooms. There was a door opposite marked 'service stairs'. So I went down there and let myself out in the basement."

So there it was. I drew a shuddering breath. "It was an accident, Mike, almost — in a roundabout way, self-defence."

His mouth twisted. "I doubt if a jury would take your lenient view, my love."

"And of course," I was speaking half to myself, "Derek knew what had happened."

"Quite so. Well," He stood up restlessly and went over to the window, "there was nothing remotely linking me with it — or so I thought. Until one day Linda Harvey started blabbing about the murder, and going to see the housekeeper."

He turned and gave me that terrible smile. "You did the same thing, didn't you? But you saved yourself just in time, by saying it was Matthew's book you were talking about. That really shook me."

Of course — Mike's ashen face on the cliff while I rubbed his ankle.

"So that was why . . ."

"Of course. Linda's death had nothing to do with the baby. She started talking about the murder in the pub one lunch time.

"Derek and I met her most days at the Chapel Arms. We thought, of course, that she was on to us and out to see what she could get."

"So, we watched her from a place above the bay. Saw her talking to Matthew, then he went off and we went down. She was reading a book about drowning."

"Drown Her Remembrance."

"Something like that, yes. Of course, we thought she couldn't swim. It — well, it happened more or less the way I said, in the car that day."

"When we found she could swim," Mike was saying tightly, "Derek panicked. Damn nearly drowned himself. Pity he didn't, really. I had to hold her head under. She fought like a wild cat."

The calm, dispassionate words chilled my bones.

"And Kate?"

"Kate," he said slowly, "had been to Somerset House and unearthed a 'scandal.' Which could only mean she discovered there was no trace of my mother's marriage certificate. Presumably my birth certificate was there, but whose name was given as my father? If it was Menzies, it would link me with the murder. I couldn't chance it."

"So," I said with icy calm, "you tried twice — first with the boulder?"

"Yes."

"You nearly killed me, too."

He turned quickly from the window. "I know — I was frantic when I found your things down there. You had said you weren't going to the beach and I couldn't see you from above.

"And when it didn't work, that's why you came back that evening, to make sure she didn't say anything else about it. I wondered. And the car."

I remembered how he had come in the gateway, as the car sped off and his peculiar manner as he waited to hear of the accident.

And Matthew, with his terrible remark about not meaning to kill her, had blamed himself.

And I had more or less accused him of killing them both. A dry sob rose in my throat and Mike came swiftly over to me and took my hand. The grey eyes were limpid and child-like.

"Oh, Susan," he said, "I wish I didn't have to kill you!"

I started to laugh, tearingly, chokingly, and I saw his bewilderment. He put an arm clumsily round my shoulders and I had to steel myself not to shudder.

"What shall we do?" Mike asked, and his voice was so normal that I stared at him. He could have been inquiring whether we should go to the show as planned or, now that the rain had started, drive somewhere for tea.

I knew, by some sixth sense, that as long as I stayed in that room I was safe. Mike would not harm me in his mother's sitting-room, with her gentle eyes watching us.

MIKE said suddenly, "I realised that must have been the picture, of course, but I couldn't find a signature, though I searched for it pretty thoroughly. I didn't know about the bloody thistle. Anyway, I couldn't have parted with it — it was a risk I had to take."

"Yes." I said.

"Do you blame me, Susan?"

I sighed. "I suppose that once you had killed your father, you felt you had to kill Linda. The tragedy is it was unnecessary."

"I know. Too bad." The callousness in the words stopped me just in time from almost condoning him.

"And — and Kate. She probably wouldn't have said anything."

He gave a short laugh. "Oh she would, make no mistake, if only to hurt Matthew. She was playing cat and mouse with him."

In the room behind us the clock whirred suddenly and struck 3 o'clock.

I said, "Please can we go to the show now, Mike?"

"What, in this weather?"

"Yes," I said feverishly. "Please, Mike. I want to see your exhibits and — and the floral dance and everything."

"In the rain?" he repeated.

"Yes!" All at once, the uncertain safety of this terrible room assumed the aspect of a prison.

"Very well, my sweet," he said, with a terrible gaiety, "We shall go to the ball!"

He caught my hand and hurried me across the room, down the tiny passage, out into the rain and across to his car. I could hardly believe my luck. I had never expected him to agree.

Around us the day had darkened ominously. Mike's face gleamed like wax and I could see the beads of perspiration on his forehead as he drove the old car with its comfortable, homely smell of leather and tobacco.

We bumped down on to the main road and the crash of the sea reached us over the screaming wind. Mike laughed again, exultantly, and turned left.

"Mike —" My hoarse voice could not be heard and I tried to raise it. "Mike, surely the show is the other way?"

"So it is, Susan, so it is. You didn't really think that was where we were going, did you? It just seemed the easiest way to get you out of the house."

To be concluded next week.

(c) Anthea Fraser, 1972

"burrrpp..."

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THE AMBITIOUS WIFE

Continued from Page 30

cripple but had less than average intelligence.

"At nine, I went to a private hospital for a year and regained the normal use of my legs except for an occasional limp when upset or overtired.

"EXCELLENT instruction by qualified teachers took care of my reading problem.

"Even as a boy I heartily disliked the family delicatessen business. It wasn't just the long hours. The fathers of my classmates were salesmen, lawyers, doctors. I felt there was some social stigma attached to my father's job.

"When I left high school several months later, I left home and went to live with the parents of a girl friend. They found me a job, and encouraged my plan to go to university part time.

"But within a few weeks — I have been cursed with bad luck always — I came down with a type of pneumonia that even miracle drugs won't cure. I nearly died, and ran up several hundreds of dollars in medical expenses.

"Mother and Dad settled the bills, took me home from the hospital, and that was the end of my first romance and my first rebellion.

"Now, when Kate asks me why I don't speak my mind and stage an all-out battle with them, I just smile.

"From my parents' viewpoint, they've done well by me and I am an ungrateful son because I haven't gone along with their ideas. They have made many sacrifices on my behalf, and I feel I owe them something.

"If Kate believes she has a fight with Mum and Dad, well then, let her fight it.

"Kate screams because Mum likes to drop in and eat lunch with me at the refectory. Mum has had little to enjoy in life, and she gets a kick from boasting about me to any tutor we happen to meet. I don't mind. In fact, it tickles my vanity to hear her overrate me now after she underrated me for so long.

"I have repeatedly invited Kate to have lunch with me at the university, but usually her job interferes.

"When she does come, it's no pleasure; she's worried I may be wasting time on recreation instead of obtaining the maximum advantage from the money she is spending on my education.

"The last time I had a chance to introduce her to one of my tutors, she didn't boast about my progress to him, or even say a few nice words about his teaching ability. She explained at tedious length how she had edited and typed all my essays for his tutorials; then she briskly outlined methods by which his assignments to students could be improved.

"Except for my first year, I have always studied subjects Kate and my parents chose. In second year, I took a course in biology which Mother fancied. To please my father, I studied law a couple of terms. A year ago, to satisfy Kate, I switched to engineering.

"I can cope with these subjects, but I am neither moved nor inspired by such stuff.

"My basic interest lies with people, people's problems. My greatest wish would be to teach handicapped or deprived children.

"In first year, I transferred to the department of education and got top marks for the full year.

"My work load was heavy, but in the evenings and on weekends I did volunteer work for a child welfare organisation. I handled the volunteer assignment so well that I was offered a part-time job, the first paying job I have ever wanted to hold.

"For a while, Kate shared my enthusiasm, and was all for my taking the job and becoming a teacher. But she couldn't rest until she telephoned my mother.

"After a lengthy conference, accompanied by tears and hysteria from both Kate and my mother, it was decided by my parents and my wife that teaching was not the profession for me.

"THEIR reasoning was so sensible that I was too dispirited to argue.

"Kate complains incessantly about my parents, but she is forever dragging them in on our business, demanding their approval. And when she doesn't get it — Mum never approves of anything that isn't strictly her own idea — Kate turns her disappointment on me.

"I have frequently suggested she stop visiting my parents every Sunday, and let

Please turn to Page 63

la meringue

Continued from Page 33

heat turned off and door open, until cold.

Sandwich together with some of the butter cream, spread rest over top and sides and coat sides with chopped, toasted hazel nuts.

Chill in refrigerator for at least 4 hours and serve decorated with slices of Chinese gooseberries, or strawberries, or fruit of your own choice.

For the butter cream, beat butter until creamy. Put water and sugar into a pan, bring to the boil, stirring until sugar has dissolved.

Continue to boil gently without stirring, until a little forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Pour in a steady stream on to the yolks, beating constantly. Beat in butter, a little at a time, and then stir in vanilla essence.

LEMON AND PINEAPPLE MERINGUE TART

4 egg whites
1 cup castor sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
2 tablespoons shredded coconut
Filling:
4 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 can (15 oz.) crushed pineapple
2 tablespoons syrup from pineapple
1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon butter
½ pint cream
Chopped toasted almonds

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, add cream of tartar to the sugar and add gradually, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until stiff and glossy.

Spread into a 9 in. tart plate, lined with aluminium foil, oiled or greased with melted Copha and dusted with cornflour, making sides about 1 in. thick. Snip coconut and sprinkle over rim of meringue and bake in a slow oven 1 hour, or until crisp and lightly colored.

For the filling, lightly beat together egg yolks, lemon rind and juice, syrup from pineapple and the sugar.

Stir over hot water until thickened, stir in butter and put aside until cold. Whip the cream and fold in, with the drained pineapple.

Spoon into the meringue case and chill for at least 8 hours. Serve topped with chopped almonds.

MERINGUE WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

1 egg white
¾ cup castor sugar
Few drops vanilla essence
½ teaspoon vinegar
½ teaspoon cornflour
2 tablespoons boiling water
Whipped cream
Chocolate sauce
Banana slices
Chocolate Sauce:
¼ pint milk
¼ pint evaporated milk
2 tablespoons cocoa
2 tablespoon cornflour
4 tablespoons sugar
Rum or vanilla essence

Put egg white, sugar, cornflour, essence, vinegar and boiling water into the small bowl of the electric mixer and beat on high speed about 15 minutes, or until very stiff.

Spread into a round approx. 7 in. diameter on the prepared tray, building up sides a little, and bake in a very slow oven for 1 hour.

Leave in oven, with door open and heat turned off until cold. To serve, top with whipped cream with banana slices mixed in and spoon the chocolate sauce over.

Sauce: Combine the milks, mix together cocoa, cornflour and sugar, mix to a paste with a little of the milk. Heat rest of milk until small bubbles appear on surface, stir into cornflour.

Return this to the saucepan and cook, stirring over medium heat, until boiling. Add the flavoring, cover and put aside until cold.

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THE AMBITIOUS WIFE

Continued from Page 60

me be responsible for the duty call, but invariably she climbs in the car beside me.

"It's as though she were determined to torment and punish us both.

"Every Sunday almost inevitably she and my mother quarrel, and for the rest of the week I get the cold shoulder from Kate. I get extremely tired of it.

THE COUNSELLOR . . .

"Kate was expending far more of her unusual zest and energy in feuding with her in-laws than in developing a good relationship with Ken," the counsellor said.

"As for Ken — he was lectured and harangued throughout boyhood and early youth by his well-meaning parents. Later he was lectured, harangued and pressured by well-meaning Kate.

"It is hardly surprising he decided to turn his back and close his ears to the continuing battles that raged around him. His destiny might be at stake, but it was less painful for him to follow the course of least resistance.

"Kate had no idea of how strongly Ken was interested in teaching, and he had never mentioned this interest to his parents.

"Although physically recovered from his illness as a child, Ken had grown up filled with fears.

"In choosing Kate for his wife, I believe he chose someone he subconsciously expected to be strong where he was weak, someone who could understand and sympathise with his deep inner wishes and fight to help him achieve his aims. Instead of fighting at his side, as Ken saw it, Kate (like his parents) habitually fought against him.

"KATE was demanding the impossible of life.

"Deprived in childhood of her mother's love and bitterly resentful of this fact, she sought maternal affection in her first marriage, and again in her marriage to Ken. The schoolboy she married at 18 had been unreliable and unfaithful. Nevertheless, Kate clung to the marriage for seven dreary years, because her first husband's mother had been fond of her.

"Ken's dominant, domineering mother had her own personality, maternal and marital problems.

"Naturally, the older woman was not prepared to step into the position mentally assigned to her by a hungry-for-love but domineering daughter-in-law. It was absurd of Kate to pester Ken's mother and father for advice on matters of concern only to Ken and herself and then be angered when the advice didn't coincide with her own ideas.

"Kate didn't actually want advice. Without realising it, she was fishing for affection, admiration, compliments.

"Instead of attempting to break into a family circle that was firmly closed against her, Kate should have been trying to brace and help Ken break out of the iron circle — as he had plainly indicated he wished to do. Ken's possessive parents would have disliked any wife he chose. Kate was intelligent enough to grasp this.

"AFTER just one interview, she acknowledged the extreme unlikelihood she could ever win the devotion of her in-laws. She also acknowledged that it was her husband's love she desired.

"She gave up the uncomfortable Sunday visits to Ken's parents, which eased many of the tensions between Ken and herself. They resumed their sexual relationship.

Please turn the page

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"Oh, my beautiful, aching legs."

By Barbara Howard.

I never regret becoming a model. I just wish someone had told me what to expect.

WHEN people find out I'm a model, I know what they're thinking. I had the same ideas before I became one. You know the sort of thing. Visions of glamorous photographic sessions and the thrill of wearing fabulous clothes. That's all true and I was lucky enough to be successful as a model. But as it turned out, something quite unexpected nearly ended things for me before they'd really begun.

My first job

I remember when the modelling agency phoned me with my first job. I was scared silly. When I arrived, I wasn't any more confident. All those lights and people looked so efficient and important and they were waiting for *me*. I still don't know how I did it, but I got through the day somehow. And what a day that was. I'd always thought it was a matter of a few minutes, click, click, click and that was that. No such luck. I was on my feet for almost five hours standing in front of hot lights, trying hard to smile when all I really felt like doing was collapsing in a chair. By the time I finally got home, my legs really ached. And that was the start of my problem. Over the next few months, I did quite a few jobs. But as my confidence grew, so did the ache in my legs. The first few times, I'd dismissed it as plain tiredness after unaccustomed effort. But now I began to suspect that it was something more. And frankly, it worried me. Not only did my legs ache, but it was interfering with my work. I was finding it harder and harder to take the hours of standing. Sometimes, by the end of a session, my legs didn't ache any more. They hurt. Obviously, it was time to see a doctor, and what he told me, I didn't like one bit.

Trouble ahead

"You're heading for varicose veins, my girl", he told me. You could have heard me groan in the waiting room.

"Unless . . ." he said. "Unless what?" I replied. "Unless you're prepared to wear support stockings." I groaned again, louder than the first time.

"How many models do you see wearing support stockings?" I asked him. "How many models do you see with varicose veins?" he replied. Then he told me to calm down and listen.

I'm so glad I did.

This is what he told me.

"The pains you've been feeling are a warning. You're not alone in this either. Four out of ten Australian women suffer from leg ache. And I'm telling you now, there's a way you can ease your aches, help prevent varicose veins from ever starting and nobody will be any the wiser."

"But *how*", I asked.

"With support stockings."

Before I could say a word, he stopped me and continued his explanation.

Good news

"Today's support stockings are nothing like you think they are. Hilton Supp-hose, for instance. They're surprisingly sheer and you *need* what they can do for you. They'll help to prevent your veins from swelling and make sure your circulation stays normal. Your legs will look better than you ever thought they could. And you'll avoid varicose veins. Of course, support stockings have to be extremely strong to do that, so their weave is different. And this is where you can be misled. Let's say you're trying on Supp-hose for the first time. You naturally look *down* on your legs. And from this angle, you're looking at the cross weave which means they don't look particularly sheer. But to anyone who's looking *at* you, it's a different story. They look straight *through* the mesh and all they see is what appears to be normal sheer hosiery."

I had no other choice but to try them. And I admit it. I was wrong. Supp-hose *were* surprisingly sheer and nobody even noticed I was wearing them. Did they work? Well, I'm still a model and as long as I wear Supp-hose, my leg aches have gone completely.

A dollar a month

I'd better warn you that Supp-hose stockings cost over $4 and the panty hose nearly $6. But that's not the bad news it seems. With normal wear just three pairs of Supp-hose will last you for a year. Which works out at about $1 a month. Is that so much to pay to protect your legs from varicose veins? Or to relieve them if you've already got them? I'll guarantee it's less than you're paying for panty hose now!

HSH6751 NI

THE AMBITIOUS WIFE

Continued from previous page

"When this occurred, Ken voluntarily reduced the number of visits to his family; the elders protested, but not too strenuously.

"KATE was wholly unaware that she was damaging Ken, interfering with his progress toward maturity — exactly as his parents had done. Perhaps she didn't call him Boo Boo, but she treated him like a child.

"Her well-intentioned typing and editing of his essays, her streams of suggestions on the proper handling of his courses and tutors, had reinforced Ken's low opinion of himself. Since both his parents and his wife were agreed that he was a weak, helpless person, Ken saw no reason why he should differ. Perhaps his wife and parents were right!

"For the first time in the marriage, Kate waited patiently (a difficult feat for her) for Ken to set his own course. Ken and I discussed his dissatisfaction with a scientific career while Kate listened from the sidelines and held her tongue. After our sixth interview, Ken proposed that he drop electronic engineering, rejoin the department of education and become a teacher.

"Kate applauded his decision and refrained from rushing to the phone to notify her in-laws.

"Later, she let him do his own typing and editing, unless he asked for her help. He graduated with honors.

"Ken is now a teacher in a large high school and he hasn't caught a cold in months; he is too busy. He and Kate are leading citizens in the community. She has a part-time secretarial job, and she works long hours with Ken as a volunteer in the local welfare association.

"Kate and Ken have no children; they are now well on in the 30s, and consider themselves too old to start a family. Anyhow, as Kate explained to me when I saw her several months ago, every summer she and Ken satisfy their parental instincts by making themselves responsible for bringing pleasure and recreation to hundreds of children.

"'Ken says welfare association work isn't teaching,' Kate told me. 'But it is very satisfying.'"

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"WHAT I THINK OF YOUTH TODAY?"

Continued from Page 20

WHEN I was a teenager, my mother would say: "I don't know the youth of today . . ."

My reply then was always that we were no different to the youth of her day, that she had forgotten what teenagers were like when she was one herself. But now that I am married and a mother, I can see this is not really so.

It is false that today's teenagers have never had it so good and have everything on a plate. True, my generation and the present one have never really known hardship like our parents did and have never been through a world war which, I think, was responsible for the moulding of that generation. But little do some people realise how much the aftermath has affected today's youth.

As many youngsters are brought up with the notion that "you never had it so good," it is no wonder that youth rebels.

The teenage years have always been hard in some way for us all. It is just that the pace of life has increased at an incredible rate and there are so many pressures to get so much done in so short a time. There seems so little permanency living in a rapidly changing society. So, is it any wonder that our youth is confused, doesn't know what it wants

Yes, some of our youth might be rebellious and might not know what they are searching for, but I sincerely believe it is not really their fault but the fault of our jet age society which the generations before have created.

Mrs. V.W.,
Elizabeth Park, SA.

HANDKERCHIEF EDGINGS

Continued from Page 37

hook (a corner sp made), * 5 ch, turn, miss 2 ch, 1 tr into next ch (another sp made); rep from * for length required for side having a multiple of 4 sps plus 3, including last corner sp, ** work 1 more sp (another corner sp made), 5 ch, do not turn, 1 tr into same place as last tr; rep from first * 3 times more, ending last rep at **. Cut thread, leaving an end. Taking care not to twist, join last sp to first corner sp to correspond.

2nd row — Attach thread to same place as join on outer edge, 1 dc into same place as join, 3 dc into next corner sp, (5 ch, 1 sl st into last dc) 3 times (a triple p made), 2 dc into same sp, * 1 dc into top of same tr, 2 dc over next row-end, 1 dc into base of next tr, 5 ch, 1 sl st into last dc (a p made), 2 dc over next row-end, 1 dc into top of same tr, 2 dc over next row-end, 1 dc into base of next tr, a triple p into last dc, 2 dc over next row-end; rep from * along side and complete other corners and sides to correspond, ending with 1 sl st into first dc. Fasten off. Damp and pin out to measurements.

Sew neatly to handkerchief.

EDGING No. 3:

1st row — Commence with 4 ch, 1 dtr into 4th ch from hook (ring made), * 5 ch, 1 dtr into 4th ch from hook; rep from * for 2 ins. (5 cm) longer than length required to fit around edge of handkerchief, having an uneven number of rings for each side, plus one for each corner, 1 ch, remove lp from hook, taking care not to twist rings insert hook into base of first dtr and draw dropped lp through.

2nd row — Sl st to centre of first ring (corner ring), 3 ch, 3 tr into next ring, * 2 ch, 3 tr into next ring; rep from * along side, 1 tr into next corner ring, 3 tr into next ring; rep from first * 3 times more, omitting 4 tr at end of last rep, 1 sl st into 3rd of 3 ch. Fasten off.

3rd row — Attach thread to first ring after any corner ring, 1 dc into same ring, * 3 ch, leaving the last lp of each on hook work 2 tr into next ring, thread over and draw through all lps on hook (a tr cl made), 3 ch, into same ring work a tr cl 3 ch and a tr cl, 3 ch, 1 dc into next ring; rep from * along side, 3 ch, into next corner ring work (a tr cl, 3 ch) 4 times, 1 dc into next ring; rep from first * 3 times more, omitting 1 dc at end of last rep, 1 sl st into first dc. Fasten off. Damp and pin out to measurements.

Sew neatly to handkerchief.

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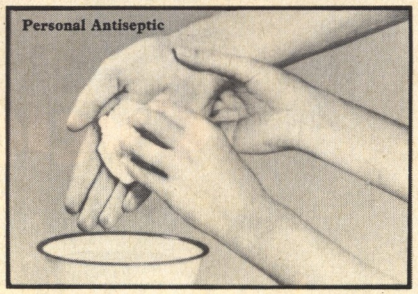

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How to enter

Entry forms and details of the competition are clearly laid out in the new Cyclops Catalogue now available from your nearest toy store. Pick up your Cyclops Catalogue today.

IF YOU REALLY CARE

Continued from Page 13

The moon was high, sailing through a little cluster of cloud like a galleon among coracles. It was cooler than she had expected. She pulled her sweater collar up close to her neck, hesitating a moment about whether to go beyond the end of the garden in this crisp air.

THEN she decided to go as far as the church to look in and just check that the lilies were holding their position in the graceful, fan-spray arrangement she had chosen. There was no problem about getting in; the side door was never locked.

She walked briskly down the path to the church, a slim figure whose fair hair was gilded with silver by the moon's radiance. The street was as still as a dream world. Yet, as she put her hand on the latch of the church door, she heard a sound.

Momentarily startled, she paused. Yes, there is was again. She pushed open the door and went in, too anxious about her flowers to be frightened.

Moonlight streamed through the diamond-paned windows of clear glass. There was ample light to see that someone had wrecked one of the tall arrays of lilies flanking the aisle.

As Constance ran forward, shocked, she heard a scuttle of footsteps. She came to her senses and ran back to the door, next to which the light switches were situated. She flooded the nave with light.

The ruined flowers were plain to see — broken and scattered in front of the first pew. The other vase had not been touched, but her attention was caught by a movement behind a pillar on that side of the church.

"Who's there?" she called. "What are you doing?"

The girl stepped into view. "I should have thought that was obvious," she said.

"You did that?" Constance's stricken glance moved to the ruined flowers. "How could you!"

"Oh, it was easy! Easy! Everyone was so full of congratulations and encouragement — it never occurred to her that someone might just walk in and wreck her careful arrangements!"

Constance drew in a breath. "You hate her so much?"

"Hate her? I don't know that I . . ." Her face crumpled and suddenly hands came up to hide the tears that glistened on her dark lashes. "Why should she have everything while I have nothing?" she cried.

"What's it all about?" she asked, more gently than she could have believed she would ever speak to a vandal who had destroyed her work. "Who are you?"

She struggled with her tears a moment before she could speak. "My name's Viv Manton," she said, and paused. "No one's mentioned me? No . . . well, they wouldn't. I'm the girl Donald jilted."

"Jilted?" Constance echoed.

She sat staring at Viv, who refused to meet her eyes. "He jilted you? I'd never have thought he was like that."

'He belonged to me," she replied fiercely. "Jane didn't want him. They weren't speaking to each other — she'd told him she never wanted to see him again. So he came to me, and we meant such a lot to each other . . ."

"They had a quarrel?"

"I don't know the details. I didn't want to. All I know is that she'd made him unhappy. I made him happy again. At least . . ." her voice faltered, "I thought so, but then he got the offer of this job and he just threw me over and went back to her."

"Oh," said Constance. She waited a moment before suggesting gently, "Perhaps you took it too seriously. Donald probably didn't intend . . ."

"You know nothing about it! He . . . he cared for me . . ." But she let the words die as they were uttered. "It's her fault,"

"So you thought you'd punish her by wrecking the flowers."

"Yes!" The word was charged with defiance.

"Go ahead then," said Constance.

"What . . . ?"

"There's still the other vase. Go ahead."

"But . . . but . . . You mean you'd just stand there and let me?"

"Why not? One vase is no good without the other. I'll have to start from scratch again anyhow."

"Oh." Viv's eyes rested on her in sudden penitence. "I'm sorry. I hadn't realised . . . I've ruined all your work."

"I'm afraid so."

"I'm sorry," she mumbled. "I know it was silly. I just wanted to get back at her somehow."

"For something that wasn't her fault?"

"She wouldn't have rowed with him if she'd really cared about him," Viv flashed.

Constance sighed. "It happens," she murmured. "It happens."

She rose, taking the other girl with her. "Come on, it's dreadfully late. Do you live nearby?"

"Just the other end of High Street." She looked in dismay at the wreckage of blossoms and stalks on the church floor. "I'm really sorry. It was a silly thing to do. Let me pay for new flowers tomorrow."

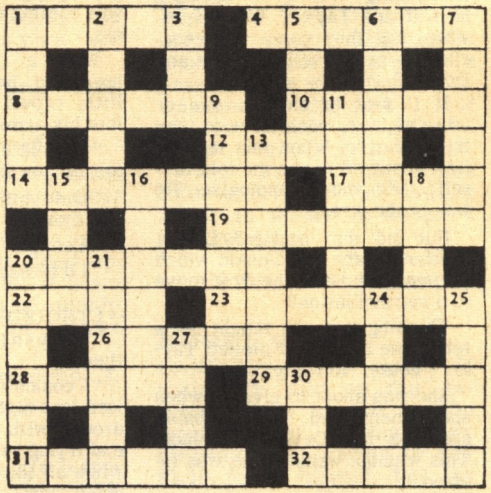
"Don't worry about it. I'll sort it out somehow." She paused at the door of the church. "If you really want to try to make amends, do it by thinking well of Jane — by wishing her well tomorrow.

Viv shook her head fiercely. "I'll never do that!" She stepped out into the cool night, then turned. "You probably think I'm a horrible person . . ."

"No, just someone who's very

Please turn the page

NEW IDEA CROSSWORD No. 1064



ACROSS:

1. Indications.
4. Sniffs.
8. Competitors.
10. Serpent.
12. Performed.
14. Ruler.
17. River. (Germany)
19. Impedes.
20. Stammer.
22. Island.
23. Male hawk.
26. Outer part.
28. Conjecture.
29. Longs.
31. Stop.
32. Dutch people of Sth. Africa.

DOWN:

1. Scrimmage.
2. Presented.
3. Sun.
5. Tidy.
6. Violin.
7. Sequences.
9. Scentbags.
11. More profound.
13. Benevolence.
15. Cereal.
16. Changes.
18. Hillside. (Scot.)
20. Scorched.
21. Sores.
24. Bend.
25. Misplaces.
27. Employs.
30. Recede.

(SOLUTION NEXT WEEK)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 1063

ACROSS: 1. Slant, 4. Shaped, 8. Proton, 10. Ulnae, 12. Rested, 14. Release, 17. Aide, 19. Twisted, 20. Fertile, 22. Area, 23. Erudite, 27. Linden, 29. Agile, 30. Divans, 31. Endure, 32. Emery.

DOWN: 1. Super, 2. Atoll, 3. Thora, 5. Haut, 6. Pundit, 7. Deemed, 9. Nestled, 11. Leased, 13. Sewered, 15. Ever, 16. Entail, 18. Dent, 20. Facade, 21. Relied, 24. Unite, 25. Irate, 26. Essay, 28. Near.

IF YOU REALLY CARE

Continued from previous page

very unhappy. Goodnight, Viv."

"Goodnight."

When she had gone, Constance moved about the quiet old church picking up the wilted flowers and torn leaves. She mopped up the water drops, put the flowers in the dustbin, and crawled at last, dazed with fatigue, into bed.

NEXT morning she was up early, driving to Newcastle to find a florist with a good supply of hothouse blooms. Luckily, since it was a Saturday, stocks were good.

Then it was time to hurry back to the church and the work yet to be done. But she lingered. She heard again in her mind Viv's words: "She wouldn't have rowed with him if she'd really cared about him . . ."

That was the kind of judgment made all too easily. It was her verdict on her own quarrel with Taylor.

Yet Jane and Donald had quarrelled — fiercely enough for Donald to rush into a shaky relationship with another girl. Constance remembered Jane's letters: no voluntary mention of Donald, guarded replies to Constance's inquiries after him, until at last she had stopped making them, and all mention of Donald was dropped.

That had gone on for . . . how long? Perhaps a much as two months. A parting as seemingly final as that. Seeing them now, totally in love, who could ever have thought it?

So was she wrong in thinking everything was over between herself and Taylor? Was it possible that they could be reconciled as completely as Jane and Donald?

If it was to happen, one or other of them would have to take the initiative. When this thought first occurred to her she told herself: "He should apologise. He was in the wrong."

But did that matter? Did it matter to Jane and Donald which of them had made the first move to a reconciliation?

Thinking this, she sought out a telephone booth and dialled Taylor's home. No reply.

She was about to give up when she remembered: He's probably gone to the Deysalles' place. This was the weekend he was invited.

She got directory inquiries to give her the number of their studio-cottage.

It was Laura Deysalle who answered the phone. "Taylor?" she repeated. "He isn't here. He let us know at the last minute that he wasn't coming." From her manner, it was clear she wasn't pleased.

Feeling empty and sad, Constance put the receiver down. She had so desperately wanted to hear his voice, to have at least the hope of some new beginning to see her through the hectic day ahead.

She was touched with guilt, too, at the thought that he'd had to cancel this important invitation and offend important people because the invitation had been to both of them, and she had made it impossible for him to accept.

The wedding ceremony was at three. Constance worked nonstop until 20 minutes before the hour, first fashioning the delicate bridal head-dress and then the bouquet. When those were laid ready for Jane, she hurried to the church and began once more to build up a duet of balanced purity on either side of the aisle, stopping often to move back from her work like an artist from his easel.

She went back, showered and changed, gave her hair and make-up minimum attention, and walked with one of Jane's relatives to the church.

As the service moved beautifully to its close, she was filled with longing for Taylor.

Outside, the usual crowd of kindly passers-by had paused to watch the bride come out. Constance let her eyes wander over them: she saw a face she recognised.

Viv had come. She was standing at the back of the little throng but, as she felt Constance's gaze on her, she looked up. She produced a small, wavering smile, and put one hand in a gesture that meant, "Everything's all right."

Constance felt it was an omen. Her own sadness lifted, and she smiled in return. And then she looked beyond Viv and saw who was coming to join the well-wishers.

With a cry of delight she launched herself through the little crowd and threw herself into his arms.

"Taylor! Oh, darling! I tried to ring you this morning!"

"Did you?" he said, holding her tight.

"Yes, but there was no reply.

"I'd already set off, I expect."

"I THOUGHT you'd be with the Deysalles, and I rang them."

"I couldn't go. I suddenly realised last night that I couldn't sit around with them all the weekend trying to make conversation, when all the time I was thinking about you. I understand now, Constance — now I see all this."

He gestured towards the bride and groom, now being posed for the photographs. "Of course you couldn't let them down. I was a fool to be angry about it."

"No, no, darling, it was my fault."

He kissed her. "Let's say both of us were to blame — but at least we've enough sense to know it and make a fresh start . . ."

(C) Jocelyn Barry, 1972

Mere Male

Readers tell their stories of the stronger sex

Personal opinion

DISCUSSING what security meant to us, we all put forward all kinds of idyllic circumstances. Then MM (son) rocked us all with: "Security, to me, is having strong elastic in my underpants!"

Heatherbell, Clarencetown, NSW.

Oriental dish

TRYING on my slacks and new mandarin-collared tunic top, I asked MM if he liked it. "You look like chow mein," he said mysteriously. Well, I guess chop suey would have been worse.

Kalia, Mallacoota, V.

Quick trip

I TOLD MM how late it was and reminded him he had to get up early in the morning. MM, absorbed in television film, replied: "Oh, I will just sleep a bit faster."

Kaybee, Ferryden Park, SA.

Giggle

MM COULDN'T find his favorite page in NI. "Where's the laugh-a-minute page?" he complained. I didn't catch on at first that he meant the Mere Male pages.

M.C.O., Fairfield, NSW.

Restful

MM, COMPLAINING that our mattress made his bones sore, said earnestly: "I shall go to the undertakers and buy a new one." Wonder how long he plans to rest?

T.T., Bellerive, T.

Exception

MM (BOY FRIEND) wrote regularly from camp, assuring me that although all his friends bought and drooled over girlie magazines, he never ever did — just sometimes when he read them for laughs.

Anti-Girl, Albury, NSW.

Tank of tea

A RECENT petrol strike had MM worried. I asked him if he would like another cup of tea, to receive the absent-minded reply: "No, thanks. I still have three quarters of a tank left."

Gemini, Hawthorndene, SA.

Dressed down

I WAS putting on my make-up, hopeful of covering some wrinkles, when MM walked in and shattered my hopes with his remark: "Old soil needs plenty of top dressing."

Top Dressed, Camp Hill, Q.

Secretive

MM (FRIEND) was given instructions to leave the key in a safe place if he went out. On returning to the flat, his mates were faced with a large note pinned to the door: "The key is under the mat."

Jas, Lismore, NSW.

No problem

MM (FRIEND) had a talk from his mother on his 18th birthday. "Now you are 18, I suppose you will start smoking," she said unhappily. MM's reply was quick. "Don't worry, Mum. I gave it up two years ago."

Puff, Puff, Royal Park, SA.

Changed tune

"DELICIOUS", pronounced my daughter's MM, after an exotic luncheon dish. "Not that again," he gasped, when it was re-heated for dinner. She reminded him of his earlier enthusiasm. "I know," he said. "But I thought it had all gone when I said that."

Red Rover, Kelso, NSW.

Throwaway pegs

MM WAS a great help when a sudden shower sent me running to the clothes line. As I discarded the pegs, he picked them up and deposited them neatly . . . in the rubbish bin!

Ob, Tottenham, V.

Not so great

I OFTEN give MM breakfast in bed on a Sunday and he thinks it's lovely, but whenever I suggest that he do the same for me one day he says: "No, love, you would not like it. Breakfast in bed is highly overrated and you would probably spill the tea or get crumbs in the bed." After seven years of marriage, I am still waiting for my little luxury.

Jenny, Randwick, NSW.

No boys

MM (FRIEND) was pacing our kitchen floor, waiting for news of the arrival of his first baby. I said: "I suppose you are hoping for a son." He replied: "No fear. It's got to be a girl. I don't want any son of mine to have to go through in 20 years' time what I am going through now."

P.B., Frankston, V.

Wrong job

MM (DAUGHTER'S BOY FRIEND) called around, but my daughter had been cooking and didn't want to leave without first cleaning up. MM decided to help, but used his energy in the wrong direction. Father was nearly heartbroken when he found his collection of wine bottles, which he had let collect dust, all beautifully clean!

Jan, Brisbane, Q.

Impossible

MM (BOY FRIEND), at a dinner dance, noticed his sister, several months pregnant, wearing a smart, new maternity dress. After she explained that she had to buy some new clothes because she had outgrown the old ones, MM, thinking of the expense, said: "Any wife of mine would have to stay slim while she was pregnant!"

Still Wondering, Surry Hills, NSW.

Too hasty

MM INDIGNANTLY returned some frozen chicken pieces to the shop after he noticed mould on them. A rather embarrassed MM returned, still with the chicken. Apparently the "mould" was sprigs of parsley — MM had not taken the plastic off for a close look.

R.J.G., Newborough, V.

Versatile

IN the bedroom of our small, compact flat, we have a portable television, tape recorder and, of course, a bedside radio. All were switched on and as my adorable MM lay in bed reading the paper, he asked me not to stand in front of the television as he could not see!

Jackie, Bondi, NSW.

Sweet blockade

MM RECEIVED some talc for Christmas. His excuse for suddenly beginning to use it six months later? "It's in the way in the shaving cabinet, so I will have to use it up."

Beekay, Prospect, SA.

Kind and loving

"YOU are going to have an electric blanket for next winter, my love," MM said. "It will help that nasty arthritis in your back. You will be another year older, too, you know. I will begin looking around, darling, and see if I can get you a nice, comfy blanket for your bed." She gazed at him lovingly as he soothed her brow. Not me. Not my daughter, but our gorgeous black kelpie!

Kandy Kid, Oatley, NSW.

Novice dad

WHEN MM (father) was feeding baby daughter, he asked how long it took her to drink a bottle of milk. I answered about a quarter of on hour, and MM said: "At the rate she's drinking this one, it will take two minutes flat." He had been squeezing the bottle so the milk was pouring down her throat!

C.K., Brighton, Q.

Patchy life

MM WAS asked what a bachelor's life was like. He replied: "It's just one undarned thing after another."

Camille, Launceston, T.

Changed taste

MM REFUSED to eat cabbage for 18 years. Finally it became more convenient for him to do the vegetable shopping each week. He must have carefully compared vegetable prices — we have had cabbage every week since!

Mullian, Bendigo, V.

Young oldie

MM (SON, aged seven) convinced me I was getting a bit old. I quite agreed with him, seeing I have three teenage children. MM thought for a while and said: "Never mind, Mum. You are still the youngest of the oldies."

Not So Old, Booval, Q.

PICK OF THE BUNCH

MM (FRIEND) took toddler along for an injection, and, waiting in a hall full of mothers, changed her nappy. He confided afterwards that she didn't really need changing. "I just wanted to show them all that I could do it," he said proudly.

Taurus, Tallangatta, V.

($5 for this par.)

Over keen

AFTER an afternoon sleep, MM (brother) had his cereal and rushed out the door to catch his train. He came home two hours later and said no one was at work. He looked very sheepish when we told him it was 7 pm and he had been to work twice that day.

Sleepy, Oak Park, V.

Too simple

WITH my arms full of ironing, I asked my MM to open his socks' drawer. "Which one is that?" he asked. "The same one as it has been for the past five years," I answered. He replied, hurt: "Well, you can't expect me to remember everything!"

Hard-hearted, West Strathfield, NSW.

Ready for bed

MY MM, not feeling the best, had a lie-in until lunch-time when he got up and put on his overalls to potter about in the garden. Later in the evening, before having a shower, MM searched everywhere for his pyjamas and became very cross because he could not find them. He finally discovered them, under his overalls!

Jagee, East Malvern, V.

Blood line

ON our first date to the beach, my usually romantic MM (boy friend) looked dreamily into my eyes and uttered, "Your eyes are bloodshot".

L.B., Concord, NSW.

Water-logged

MM (FATHER) unscrewed the elbow under the sink to clear the blocked pipes. The bucket MM placed under the sink to catch the water filled up, so he hastily emptied it down the sink and was dumbfounded when the water flooded the floor.

L.S., Glenorchy, T.

Typical

MM AND I were quite warm in bed one very cold night. I was reading and thought MM was asleep. Suddenly, he rolled over and said, "I think it might be a good idea if we bought an electric blanket. (We had previously decided we didn't need one.) I asked what for. "Well," MM replied, "then I could soak off as many stamps as I liked, put them into bed, turn on the blanket and they would be dry in no time."

Deb's Dad, Kotara South, NSW.

Useless

MM AND a carpenter friend were installing a new shaving cabinet in the bathroom. The hammering ceased, so I called out: "I do hope you have put it up at the right height." They replied in chorus: "Yes, we both stood up and measured it for size." They had, too. The top was six feet off the ground and with a struggle I can see my forehead and one eye!

My Handy Mate, Murrurundi, NSW.

Onion head

MM (BOY FRIEND), a great lover of onions, told me quite romantically: "If you always keep an onion in your mouth, you will never lose me."

Ain't Love Grand, Erica, V.

Kick-ups

"I WISH you would go and get a drink of water for those hiccups," grunted MM as I snuggled into his back for warmth. Hiccups? I'm eight months pregnant and the baby was kicking furiously.

My Guy, Bathurst, NSW.

Arm pity!

THREE-YEAR-OLD MM was having a bath. When his mother started drying under his arms, he said: "Don't dry under there, because I didn't wash under there."

Kids, South Geelong, V.

Warm letter

MY 85-year-old dad writes a letter to his sister once a year for her birthday. As it was near to the date, I said to him: "Aren't you going to write your annual letter?" "What?" he said. "Not in this cold weather — I'm waiting for it to warm up before I start writing."

Aunty May, North Rockhampton, Q.

Short cut

CAREFUL MM, who is noticeably thin on top, returned from a visit to the local barber feeling very disgruntled at having to pay $1.10 for a haircut, but his natural sense of humor came to the fore when he said: "I suppose 10 cents was for the haircut and the dollar was a search fee."

Meg, Blackburn South, V.

WE PAY $1 for every letter published. All letters must be original. Write to the Editor, New Idea, Box 1292K, GPO, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001, giving name, address and State with each entry. Paragraphs cannot be returned, nor do we publish verse.

ask PRUE

EVEN novice dressmakers can make up almost an entire summer wardrobe with jiffy patterns. A flip through books at a pattern counter will prove just how many of those rapid-sew garments can be made. Many of the garments can be made with just two, and sometimes only one, fabric pieces.
PRUE

FLATTERING SWIMSUITS

I AM starting to look around for a swimming costume for the coming summer. Up until now I have worn a bikini all the time, but since last summer I have put on nearly a stone. I am 5 ft. 6 ins., with long legs and measure 36½-27-39. Many of my friends tell me one-piece suits emphasise your bulges more than bikinis, but I am not sure whether to believe them. What do you think I should wear?

Kay E., Cairns, Q.

I AM sorry, but I disagree with your friends. Bikinis draw attention which is fine for those with slim, firm figures. A one-piece suit would be a better investment for you, and, if you are really conscious of your bulges, there are always suits with a "cover up" sheer skirt coming from under the bust to your thighs. This is a very old-fashioned idea which will emerge again this summer in attractive designs and colors. Try to lose your extra weight — I am sure you will feel miles better for it. **PRUE**

FOR FUN WEEKENDS AT THE BEACH

MOST weekends last summer I spent away at the beach. It appears that this year will be the same. My problem is that I cannot seem to co-ordinate my wardrobe so that I only have to take a small bag. My gear always seems to fill a suitcase. Can you suggest what to take with me?

J. McN., Malvern, V.

FORTUNATELY, beach wear is lightweight and usually non-crushable, so a large tote bag should be all one needs to carry a weekend wardrobe. For arriving on Friday night and leaving on Sunday, I suggest a casual pair of slacks and a little T-shirt. For the beach on Saturday, a quick-dry bikini or one-piece suit and if you want to cover up in the afternoon, a brief stretch top and a towelling wrap-around skirt. For Saturday night, a simple ankle or knee-length summer knit dress, and for Sunday, shorts and another top. With three different tops and the rest of the gear I have mentioned, the total number of garments is eight, which gives you ample variety. One pair of sandals should be sufficient and then you have only two towels and the minimum of make-up to worry about packing. Have lots of fun this summer. **PRUE**

BASIC SEWING NEEDS

I AM buying my daughter a sewing machine for her birthday and, as I do not sew, would like your advice on the equipment I should buy her. My daughter will be making basic, simple styles to start with, so I only want to buy her the necessary things.

Mrs. P.B., Hobart, T.

YOU are a very generous mother indeed. I am sure your daughter will appreciate your gift and receive hours of pleasure and satisfaction from it. The basic things she will require are: a tape measure marked on both sides; good, sharp scissors; pinking shears; a seam ripper; tailor's chalk; a pin cushion; a thimble; pins (with colored glass tops and plain steel ones); needles of all sizes for all purposes; hooks and eyes and press studs; a few reels of basic colored cotton and a sewing box to put all of those things into. **PRUE**

NIGHTSHIRTS FOR MEN

I LOVE the thought of nightshirts for men but my husband considers the idea unmanly. How can I convince him that they would be far more comfortable than pyjamas?

Julie M., Bendigo, V.

MEN are funny creatures sometimes! I am sure most of those who do wear nightshirts now felt like your husband initially, but their idea soon changes. I think you should either buy one or make one for him and make sure all his pyjamas are in the wash, or need a new waist cord at the same time. Produce the nightshirt on such an occasion and persuade him to at least try it on. He will gradually get used to the idea and, I am sure, will be more inclined to want to sleep in a nightshirt than pyjamas. Good luck! **PRUE**

A BLAZER FOR GOING AWAY

I AM having a problem deciding on a style for a going away outfit. I would like a summer blazer and thought I might incorporate one in my outfit. If I do, what style skirt, or dress, should I wear with it? I am tall and slim.

Can't Decide, Brooklyn Park, SA.

YOU are lucky to be tall as well as slim. This means you can wear almost anything and look elegant in it. I think the nicest idea for you to team with your blazer is a full-length, pleated skirt, preferably in the same shade as the blazer. A soft blouse with a full tie collar would be just right under the blazer. **PRUE**

SECOND MARRIAGE ETIQUETTE

IN A few months' time, I am to be married again. I am not sure what points of etiquette I should adhere to with regard to the church ceremony. Do I have to have someone to give me away? Do I have bridesmaids and, if so, do they act in accordance with the rules of a first wedding? I hope you can help me.

S.T., Mt. Isa, Q.

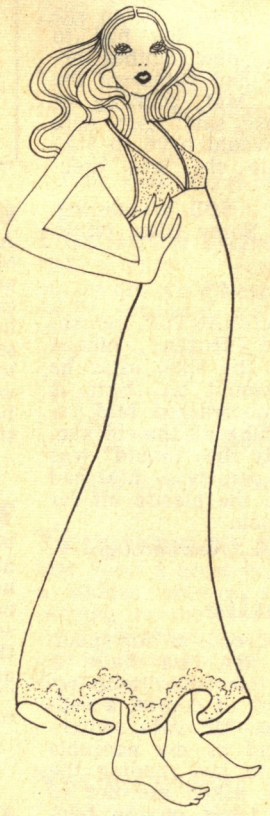
FIRST, I offer you my best wishes for your future There are a few differences in etiquette between a first and second marriage cermony. No, you do not have someone to give you away. Your father, or a close relative should escort you to the church, then up the aisle and then be seated. Your attendants should be restricted to a matron-of-honor, a best man and ushers. The matron-of-honor does not follow the bride up the aisle, but arrives before the ceremony and waits in a seat close to the chancel steps. She joins the bride on her arrival and stands on the bride's left. Your minister will help you with a seat for your attendant. I hope your day is a very happy one. **PRUE**

WARDROBE FOR WIFE AND MOTHER

MY figure is out of proportion. I have a long body and short legs. I am 5 ft. 4 ins. tall, fairly slim with shoulder-length hair. I am a wife and mother, so my main daytime occupations are shopping and housework. I like casual clothes. Could you advise me what styles would suit me?

A. McD., Wangaratta, V.

SLACKS which fit on the waist and not on the hips are the ones for you. Vertical stripes (narrow) will elongate your legs, too. Don't wear long tops or you will defeat the purpose of the waisted slacks. High-waisted skirts or dresses would suit you best, and because you are slim, all styles of tops would be suitable, but do not wear long jumpers or blouses. **PRUE**



A SUPER little pack-easy dress for those Saturday nights and beach weekends.

Send your fashion problems and inquiries to our fashion expert, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Your query will be answered personally or in Prue's column. Address it: ASK PRUE, Box 1292K, P.O. MELBOURNE, V.

BUTTONS

How would you solve these problems?

Problem No. 1

Your husband has just lost the suede covered button on his jacket.

Problem No. 2

Your daughter wants to brighten up her favourite frock.

Here are the answers:

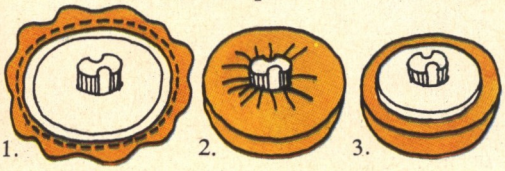
Answer No. 1

You go to your favourite haberdashery store and buy a Korbond Self Cover Button Card. With round buttons. You snip out a piece of suede from the seam or turn-back, stitch round a gathering thread, then snap the washer into place and sew on the button. Problem solved.

Answer No. 2

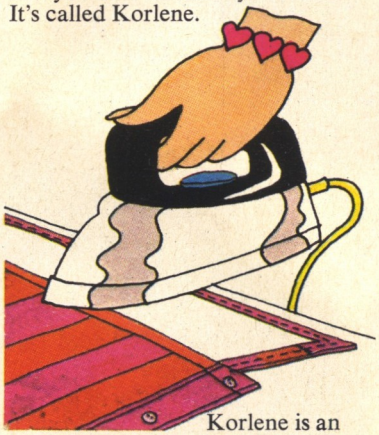
This time you buy what we call Halo button card. These are self-cover buttons within a circle of gold or silver. Sew a row of them,

covered in either matching or contrasting material, down the front of her frock. Halos turn a dress into a party frock. (Whilst at the store, and at the risk of being regarded as somewhat of a "strange one" about buttons, feel tempted to buy a card of the Korbond Square buttons.)



Korbond Self Cover Buttons can never come apart.

Here is another product that's becoming a "must" in everyone's sewing kit. The difference here is that you don't sew it—you iron it. It's called Korlene.



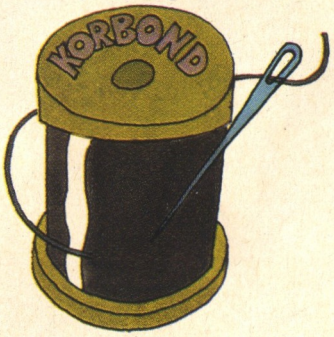
Korlene is an iron-on interlining that gives a crisp fresh finish to any garment. You can line jackets, or skirts, stiffen lapels or collars on blouses. There's always a use for Korlene. And here's the big news. Even though you iron it on, it's completely washable and dry-cleanable.

Easy to make.

Don't ever forget how easy it is to make a Korbond Self Cover Button.

1. You just snip out a piece of cloth.
2. Stitch round a gathering thread, draw on the thread and,
3. then just snap the washer into place.

Colorblend Thread is just what it says it is. It blends with whatever colour material you're working. You can imagine in a clothing factory how many times machinists have to change the thread. Not any more—they're using Colorblend.



Colorblend Thread tones in with anything. You can get Colorblend from your Haberdashery Store—but you'll have to look closely for it—it'll tone in with the counter.

Any home with children in it must have Hemming Tape too. Children grow. Hems and cuffs have always to be adjusted. Why unpick and sew, unpick and sew. Just select the

length you want and iron the hem or cuff into place. Next time you've got to change the length just iron the tape off and iron on a new piece. Even if you haven't got children, you'll find a use for Korbond Hemming Tape. Completely washable and dry-cleanable too!

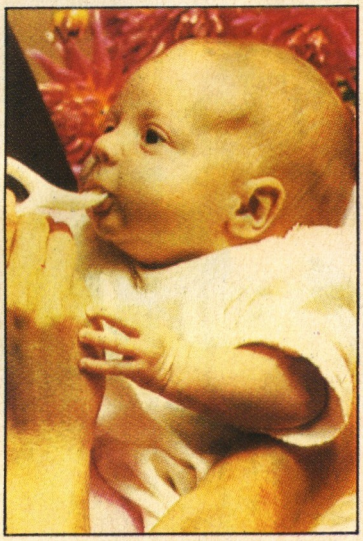
If you have any haberdashery problems why not write to Korbond's adviser, Meg Parsons, 47 Lorraine Street, Peakhurst. 2210.

MASH1800/K

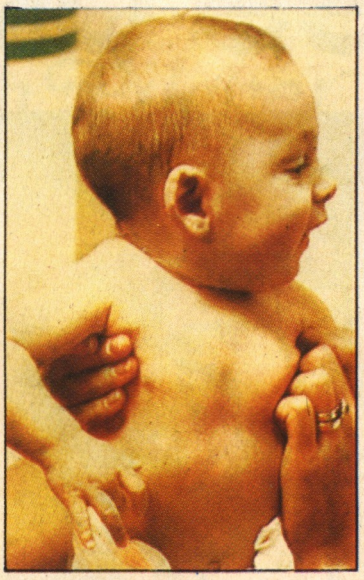
"It's a big responsibility, having a baby, especially when you've never had one before."

Heinz Five-Step Growth Plan helps develop your baby naturally from his very first spoonful.

Your baby goes through five natural steps in his development. That's why we have five steps in Heinz Growth Plan. It means that, at each step, there are special foods to suit his needs as he develops.



Step 1–For Beginners: This is a careful selection of pure and finely strained foods. *It helps develop your tiny baby's strength and resistance and prepare his digestive system.* Look for the new glass jars especially made for beginners. There are Fruits, Gels, Broths and Custards. Juices and Cereals, too. And they're all cooked by our exclusive Peak-Nutrition process.



Step 2–Strained Meals for Advanced Beginners: His world has come into focus. *At this step a well balanced diet is essential.* That's why we make more than twenty varieties including strained dinners, egg varieties, high-protein cereals and desserts. He can try some new tastes like lamb, liver, chicken and brains.

Step 3–for Juniors: He's everywhere! It's not surprising that your baby needs more protein per pound of bodyweight than you do. *Step 3 foods are rich in protein and the texture's chunkier.* We make forty-seven varieties to balance his diet and broaden his taste.

Step 4–for Toddlers: He's alert, busy and mischievous–almost too mischievous! Now he wants something to get his teeth into. *We've prepared special nourishing foods with bigger, chewier pieces and put them into bigger cans.*

Step 5–for Pre-Schoolers: Every day's an adventure. New things to do. New foods to discover. *We make ten nourishing varieties to help him grow and grow and grow.*

This is the Heinz Five-Step Growth Plan. It's a simple, natural way to guide your baby's growing and eating. *If you'd like to know more about feeding your baby, write to: Sister-In-Charge, H J Heinz Co, Dandenong, Vic.*

Heinz more to grow on
more than other baby foods.
Every step of the way.

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THE MARRIAGE THAT SURVIVED

Continued from Page 7

When out visiting, frequently he scrubbed floors and cleaned windows in homes occupied by old and sick people.

HE did their shopping, found the time to talk to them and did countless other unpleasant jobs.

His wife encouraged him to do even more. In 1968 she persuaded him to accept the Home Secretary's invitation to join the board of Grendon Prison in Buckinghamshire, the only psychiatric prison in Britain.

Soon after this, he started a club for former prisoners of Grendon at Toynbee Hall, where they could meet and relax.

Then he began helping young people, especially those who had left home and had been drawn like magnets to London's infamous Soho area where they found themselves among prostitutes, drug-addicts, confidence-tricksters and pick-pockets.

Often his wife was at his side, helping willingly.

On the evening of November 18 last year, a gleaming, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce left Buckingham Palace, shortly after six. The car followed closely behind a solitary uniformed policeman travelling on a motor-cycle. His job was to navigate the Queen through the heavy London traffic so she got to her appointment in the East-End on time.

Amid much cheering and hand-clapping the car drew up in the yard of Toynbee Hall, a few minutes earlier than scheduled. The Queen had come to see what work was being done.

From the large crowd of waiting officials, which included Edward Heath, the Prime Minister, the widow of Sir Winston, Lady Spencer Churchill, and Mary Wilson, wife of the Labor Opposition Leader, a balding, sleek and very distinguished looking man stepped towards the royal car.

It was John Profumo's task to welcome the Queen and introduce various officials and workers to her. A loud murmur went up from the crowd. Television, radio and press reporters carefully followed his every move.

Standing slightly apart from the main party was Valerie Profumo. For one brief second, he turned, looking in her direction. She gave him a smile.

Commander Albert E. Perkins, the Queen's personal bodyguard, made the first move. He had been sitting next to the royal chauffeur. He got out of the car and opened the rear door.

Smiling warmly, the Queen accepted the outstretched hand offered by her former Secretary of State for War.

She said: "Mr. Profumo. How very nice to see you again. I have heard so much about the work you have been doing here."

That royal smile, those few words, marked the end of the long fight back for John Profumo. In public, for the world to note, the Queen finally laid to rest the Profumo Affair.

There were tears in the eyes of Valerie Profumo when her husband introduced her to the Queen. And, much later, when the monarch had left, hand-in-hand the Profumos answered questions fired at them by the world's Press.

This is a marriage that survived a scandal. Some might say it took such a thing to reveal to John and Valerie Profumo what a really happy marriage is like.

Now they know the secret.

Summer fun for baby... with Pilcher Popovers from Sofpants

This summer your lovable littlies will be wearing Sofpants Pilcher Popovers. All Popovers are true pilcher sets—the pants are a standard Sofpants Pilcher—so you don't have to buy a separate pilcher. Ginghams, checks and frills—terry and cotton with a complete range of colours. You won't be able to resist them.
Look for the complete, inexpensive range of over 30 items including Sunny Sofpants, Romper, swim and sun wear garments at your favourite retailer.

Sofpants another "Sunny" Product by Sunny Textile Industries

SUN10/83

Prove it yourself! A single rinse in new Comfort makes scratchy nappies soft again.

Now it is easy to give baby the comfort of fluffy soft nappies with every change. Just add a little new Comfort to the last rinse at washtime. You (and baby) will quickly feel the difference!

Why nappies become scratchy to baby's skin.

What happens is that repeated washings and rinsings mat and tangle the tiny fibres in nappies. The more you wash and rinse (however carefully you do it) the more matted and tangled these fibres become. The result is scratchy nappies.

Why you need new Comfort

New Comfort, when added to the final rinse quickly swirls in and around the matted and tangled fibres. It gently untangles them, releases trapped suds and restores a deep fluffy softness to your nappies.

New Comfort leaves nappies hygienically clean and smelling beautifully fresh because it contains a bacteriostat which helps control the bacteria responsible for nappy rash and nappy odours.

Look for new Comfort Fabric Conditioner next time you are at the supermarket.

MAGNIFIED PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW THE DIFFERENCE.

BEFORE NEW COMFORT	AFTER NEW COMFORT
This nappy has been washed and rinsed many times. The fibres are tangled and matted. The feel of the nappy is scratchy and uncomfortable.	After rinsing with new Comfort the fibres are free and untangled to give full depth to the nappy. The feel is fluffy and soft.

New Comfort restores a fluffy softness to nappies

LK2

Baby clinic

By SISTER LEE PATTINSON

I HAVE recently received a number of letters from couples who are considering adopting children. Information about actual adoption procedures is readily available. All adoptions legally arranged within Australia must be channelled through specific recognised agencies and the main offices directly connected with adoptions. These include major maternity hospitals, children's homes, church organisations and the Social Welfare Department.

But what concerns most people goes deeper than mere procedure. Many are seeking reassurance that adoption is wise; whether it is because they can't have children of their own, or because their own families are small and they can make room for someone who would otherwise be brought up in an orphanage.

Whether adoption is the answer for any particular couple is something I can't answer. There are so many aspects to be considered. It takes a number of fairly lengthy meetings between a trained social worker and the prospective parents before a fairly accurate assessment can be made.

Many people seem to think that all that is required is a home, a reasonable bank balance, or assets, and a lack of children of their own to make a couple eligible, or desirable, as adoptive parents.

If these advantages were all that were necessary to ensure a happy, balanced childhood, what a happy world this would be.

The motive behind adoption is important. Most people are aware that there is little hope of success if a child is adopted solely to bolster a marriage which is breaking up, for status reasons; or for a specific purpose, such as carrying on the family business.

It is perfectly true, of course, that children have been successfully adopted for these and similar reasons.

But it is equally true that the child who is adopted for the simple reason that he is wanted has a better chance of having a happy childhood.

Some prospective parents are held back by a fear of "How do we know what he will turn out like?"

I often wonder if they think natural parents have some heavenly given guarantee about how their offspring will develop!

Another reservation is: "There might be bad blood in the family somewhere. How do you know it won't come out in the child?"

I have never been too sure what they mean by "bad blood", being a firm believer in the superior power of environment over hereditary traits.

But if they mean that somewhere in the child's past there has been a thief, a cheat, a liar or worse — well, there are few families who wouldn't turn up a skeleton or two if we could delve far enough back into the past.

We have all heard of children who have been adopted, and who, at some stage, have run away to find their "real" mother, as they phrase it.

In some cases it happens when a growing child, who has not known about being adopted, suddenly finds out and reaction sets in; in others, the child has known all along, but when there is some family or school upset, he starts his search.

Whatever the spark - point, the situation is really quite a normal difficult stage of development.

There are many children, not adopted, who have at some time run away from home or at least threatened to.

It is just that the adopted child, who feels he has a genuine "other family", will seize on this as an excuse or solution during times of stress.

The important thing to remember is that if the household in which he has been brought up is a warm and loving one, these periods of stress will be temporary, and his reaction to them will be temporary also.

Authorities agree that it is wise to tell an adopted child about his adoption as soon as he is able to comprehend.

There are few children, adopted or otherwise, who do not respond to a warm, loving, secure atmosphere, and it is this that gives adoptive parents a head start.

The children feel secure and wanted, and there is the basis for the development of a mature, well-balanced adult.

In the process there will be incidents which are frustrating and disappointing, as there are in other families with no adopted members. But there are also rich rewards to be reaped.

ENOUGH MILK

Mrs. T.A. (Port Kembla, NSW): As I live in a comparatively isolated area and have no transport, I find it difficult to attend a clinic regularly to weigh my baby, and wonder sometimes if he is getting enough milk. He is breast-fed. Can you suggest the best way to tell this?

IT is possible, of course, to hire baby scales, but I would only suggest this if you feel there are definite signs that baby is under-nourished. Usually, I find a baby will let you know himself if he is not getting enough. The most accurate guide is his own behavior and appearance. A contented baby who sleeps well between feeds, or plays happily with his fingers or toes, or takes an interest in his surroundings is not usually a hungry baby. His motions will be soft and yellow (and in early days come often at every feeding, later dropping to one or two a day). An underfed baby will fret and grizzle, will not settle contentedly after a feed, will continually wake up and appear hungry an hour or so before he would normally be due for a feeding — that is, he will be seeking a feed every hour or two. In these cases, I feel it might be wise to have a set of scales for a period to do a check of his intake. There is always the possibility, of course, that a baby behaving in this way could be showing signs of something other than under-feeding.

ORANGE JUICE SUBSTITUTE

Mrs. A.J. (Salisbury, Q): My baby always rejects his orange juice, and I wondered what I could give him instead, because he is bottled-fed, and needs the extra Vitamin C.

THERE are a number of acceptable substitutes. These include Rosehip syrup (available in rosehip or orange flavorings), and even higher in Vitamin C content than fresh orange juice, Vitamin C tablets (ascorbic acid tablets), available from your chemist without prescription, black-currant juice, tomato juice, and when he is old enough to be starting his educational diet, pure vegetable juices, purees and pure fruit gels.

COT DEATHS

Mrs. M.L. (Perth, WA): I have heard that many cases in which it was thought babies had smothered in the night are actually due to viruses. I wondered just how true this is, and in how many cases it would be likely to apply.

IT is perfectly true — the "cot death" or "sudden death" syndrome causes sudden and unexpected death in apparently healthy children. It is responsible for about one-third of all deaths of infants aged from 2 weeks to 2 years. Unfortunately, the actual cause is still a mystery, and research is still proceeding. It is accepted that many cases in which parents have been blaming themselves unnecessarily for a child's death in the past were due to this syndrome, and that the parents were completely innocent of any neglect and most certainly not to blame in any way, as there would have been no way of their knowing it was going to happen, or preventing it from happening.

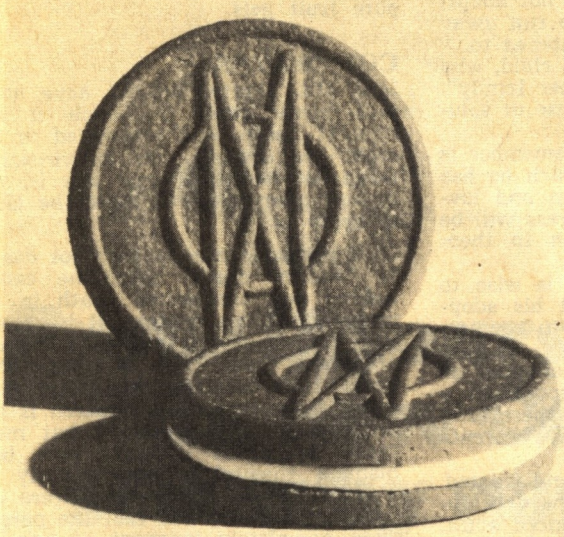
THYMUS GLAND

Mrs. R.T. (Wollongong, NSW): A friend told me recently that her baby grandson died of pneumonia because he didn't have a thymus gland (he was born without one). I always thought pneumonia was a lung infection, but didn't like to ask too much about this at the time. Am I right?

A THYMUS gland deficiency means a baby has no protection against infection. This is why, when the baby you are talking about developed a major infection, it was fatal. There is, fortunately, future hope for these babies. A few transplants of thymus glands have been done (only three to date, and one of these here in Australia) so these deaths may soon be a thing of the past.

Have you a problem about the care of your baby or older child? Send your letter to Sister Lee Pattinson SRN, SCM, IWC, New Idea, Box 1292K, PO, Melbourne, V, 3001. Please send stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Enjoy a Limmits square meal diet for lunch



Replace a normal meal with two Limmits Choc-Mint Cream Sandwich biscuits and unsweetened tea or coffee. You won't feel hungry and Limmits gives you the vitamins, minerals, protein that you should have with a square meal – with no more than 350 calories!
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PLEASE DON'T MAKE LOVE A DIRTY WORD

WHILE young people are entitled to a reasonable amount of understanding from their parents, it also follows that parents, too, have their rights. My mailbag groans each week with letters from teenagers who complain of restrictions and lack of understanding in their homes, and they are either openly, or overtly, rebellious and resentful of their parents and the generation gap.

"I AM a 16-year-old girl who hates bringing friends home because both my father and mother start questioning them. If I go out, they want to know where, and when I will be home. They don't give me the freedom other parents I know give their children and they embarrass me. If I am ever late home they think I have been up to something. They simply do not understand that today's younger generation is so different from theirs when they were young, and sometimes I feel I hate them because they do not understand me. I have my own room and my mother nags all the time about the way I keep it. I feel I have a right to relax in my own room. She is not as strict with my younger brothers and sisters, which is so unfair. Please tell me how I can keep my freedom!"

YOU have to earn your freedom — and it's not easy to earn. If you abuse privileges, you are back to first base. If you are uncommunicative with your parents, don't want them to know where you are going and when you will be home, or who your friends are, then you are violating one of the basic rules of a democratic household—which is that everyone has to fit in with everyone else. Your room is part of the whole house, not your exclusive territory, although it does provide you with much-needed privacy and you are lucky to have your own room. I think it only fair that you should keep it up to required standards in the way of tidiness, etc. At present, the approval of your friends is all important to you, and you are throwing your parents overboard. Don't risk losing them. They won't always be there, and one day you will just have to stand on your own feet. All right, you want to do that. But you are having a bet each way; using the care and protection of a family and your home for your own advantage, and going all out to make the grade with other teenagers. Your parents love you and you love them, and as love is the most important gift to mankind, please don't make it a dirty word.

I cannot forget him

"FOR some weeks I went out with a wonderful boy who loved me as much as I loved him. I am 16, he is 19. We were not too young to be in love, so please don't say this. Later, he dropped me and acted as though he did not know me. For weeks I cried myself to sleep every night. He then told me that his parents were strict Catholics and did not want him to go out with a girl who was not a Catholic, so he had to drop me. I went out with other boys to forget him, but could not. A last I have met another boy who loves me, and I love him in return. Still, I am worried because I can't get this other boy out of my mind and still want him back. Please don't tell me to forget him."

OF course you can't and won't forget him—and naturally you long to have him back. Your pride has been hurt, and anyone who has been jilted for any reason at all knows how that stings. Still, in time you will write it off to experience and really forget it more and more. Meanwhile, as you have met another nice boy, please don't let your obsession with the first boy spoil this new relationship. It could turn out to be very rewarding and good. Nurse it along.

Wyse

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM?

My shyness depresses me

"I AM 18 years old and a working girl of only six months. Although I like music and dancing, I am so quiet that I find it hard to start to enjoy myself at a party and often feel left out of things. I feel depressed quite often, especially when I spend weekend after weekend doing nothing. I have never had a boy friend at all — here again I feel left out. My father is understanding in some ways, but even he once upset me when my brother partnered me to a party one night and he said it was a pity I didn't have my own partner. Dad has suggested that I join a dramatic group and work backstage as a way of meeting more people. I would appreciate any ideas you have on learning how to communicate with others."

IN the first place, I think your father's suggestion is an excellent one. You would not only meet people but do something creative and stimulating. I would also suggest a music club, a sports club if you are interested in any sport, a film group, or indeed any form of group activity. As far as being shy is concerned, if you can't make the overtures, you can at least be a good listener — and learn to drop in the right leading questions. It is surprising how silent you can remain while the other person prattles on (especially if it's about himself) and gets the impression you are a wonderful conversationalist and good company. Ask more questions of make admiring comments, showing you are interested in other people's conversation, and you will find that they will warm to you. With practice, you will establish yourself as a ready mixer.

Am I being very foolish?

"I AM a boy in my mid-teens and have a couple of large moles on my face — they are affecting me socially and I become embarrassed. I have been told they could be removed by a doctor, and would like to have this done, but don't want to discuss it with my parents or friends in case they think I am effeminate or conceited. Would my parents have to pay medical costs or is there any way I could pay and claim medical benefits on behalf of my mother? Please tell me if you think I am being foolish about this."

I THINK it would be a good idea to tell your mother exactly how you feel about these moles. I am sure that when she knows they are making you self-conscious and unhappy, she will be only too glad for you to adopt the simple remedy of going along to the doctor and having them removed if he considers it advisable. It is, as you say, refundable on medical schemes. I see no reason why anyone should put up with even a mild disfigurement if it can be fixed.

No one is perfect

"I AM 18 years old. I have been married for five months and have a four-month-old baby. I really love my husband and baby, but am terribly selfish and get so little enjoyment out of life. I can't cope with the baby. I smack him when he cries and then I get upset about my cruelty, especially as I realise that babies usually have a good reason to cry. I am so scared I will really hurt him one day. I worry about the most trivial things and I always seem to feel ill. I try to be a good wife and mother, but the smallest upset makes me go to pieces. I would like to lose a little weight, but I can't even do that. I feel really desperate."

INSTEAD of trying so hard to be the perfect wife and mother, concentrate more on being and feeling happy. Nobody can be perfect, but everybody can learn to be happy if they have something to be happy about, and you have — a husband and baby whom you love, and who no doubt love you. Play with your baby and enjoy him. No happy baby cries much. Take him for regular visits to the health centre sister, and make sure all is well with him and that you are feeding and caring for him properly. Then relax, cuddle him and play with him. Don't be strict and certainly don't smack him. You cannot spoil a child by loving him. Enjoy your husband more, too, and don't expect of yourself a standard which is too high to be reached. The fact that your marriage was obviously necessary is unfortunate, because you don't really get off to a good start. You can make up for it later, though, so don't worry about it too much and don't feel guilty. What's done is done. The main thing is to enjoy the present. Then the trivia which gets you down won't loom so large and you will get a better perspective of things. You are young and you will grow up, but you can't hurry the process. Enjoy your youth, too.

Write to me if you think I can help you with your personal problems. Address your letter to ELIZABETH WYSE, at NEW IDEA, BOX 1292K, P.O., MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, 3001.

Her father is too strict

"MY father is impossible and far too strict. Every time I ask to go out, he doesn't want to hear details — just says, 'No.' My sisters were all allowed out at 15. I am now 16. I get on very well with Mum — she's great. My three sisters all had to get married — they were engaged first. Now Dad rambles on about being stricter with them if he had his time over again, then he says 'I am not letting you go anywhere.' I am working and get on well with everyone. Mum helps me budget my money and bank each week. Dad is so old-fashioned that when I just mention a boy's name he gets angry. I am thinking of leaving home and staying with one of my sisters while I still work. Could Dad make me come back?"

LET'S hope it doesn't come to that — because think how hurt and lonely your Mum would be without you. Dad must have been, and probably still is, sad because your three sisters all became pregnant before marriage. No doubt, like all parents, he blames himself, and swears that this won't happen to you. But he can't keep you wrapped up forever. One day he must begin to trust you — or else trust to luck. If you are more understanding towards him and his attitude, you will get on better with him and he will feel able to give you more freedom. Make sure you show him and tell him how much you love him, and how you would not hurt him. Give him a big hug, a kiss and a promise — and keep it. He would be only too happy to ease up if he felt he could.

Don't give up too easily!

"I WOULD like to reply to a girl who wrote to you and was disillusioned about men, because she wanted to stay a virgin and all the boys wanted sex. I say please don't give up, because I had the same trouble once. Every time I was taken on a date my friend would either try to get fresh or suggest sex straight out. I stuck to my principles every time, and it was really worth it. My family and friends all used to say I would never get married as I was too straitlaced, but how wrong they were! Four years ago I met the most wonderful boy who really respected me, and after two years of going steady and a year's engagement we were married, both at the age of 24. We were both still virgins (much to the dismay of most people). What a wonderful marriage we have had so far, learning to love one another to the fullest. Now, don't get me wrong. My dearly beloved often suggested sex, but after a few months realised I was dead set on staying a virgin and respected my feelings. Sometimes the temptation was huge, but I still say wait, because it is really worth waiting for. After 18 months of marriage, we are still a loving and happy couple."

THANK you for presenting your case for virginity with such refreshing warmth and candor, Mrs. W. I am sure your experience and that of your husband will hearten many girls who feel they are being pressured into sex, while in their hearts they still wish to wait for marriage.

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NO TIME FOR LOVE

Continued from Page 28

"It seems to me you've got somebody else for the flat," I sniffed. "You're very anxious to get me married off."

"IDIOT. I'm determined not to get married and leave you all alone."

"I'll have Grumpy and Wum —."

"Shut up, fool," she hissed, and then smiled angelically.

"Oh, hello Clive. This is my flatmate, Frances Murray."

Clive smiled at me rather listlessly. He didn't strike me as one of the marvellous young men, and after some dispirited conversation, he drifted off.

"Look, there's Bart Lawrence," Cherry said.

Our hostess and her mother were there, talking to a tall, lean man, with a swarthy face, rather like a pirate, and the kind of features described as craggy. He looked politely bored.

"Looks marvellous, doesn't he?" Cherry muttered.

"He looks conceited to me," I answered crossly.

"Well, he's got something to be conceited about, anyway," Cherry said. "And look casual — they're bringing him over."

"To you — not me," I pointed out, as the smiles were directed at, and Bart Lawrence was guided towards, Cherry.

"And this is Cherry's flatmate," Marie added hastily. "Miss - er - ."

"Frances Murray," I obliged.

He bowed, his eyes barely passing over me, and I looked surly. Nasty brute.

"I see a friend — I must go and chat. You and Frances, Mr. Lawrence, must have a talk — you have so much in common. Both in the same line of work, so to speak."

Bart Lawrence looked at me with the first faint spark of interest he had shown so far. I loathed him.

"Are you a writer?" he asked.

"No, an illustrator," I replied shortly.

"Oh, travel books, something like that?"

"No; Grumpy, Wumpy and Florabel, as a matter of fact."

"I must hear more of this delightful trio — let's take our drinks into the conservatory and talk about Grumpy — and what were they?"

"Grumpy, Wumpy and Florabel," I said distinctly."Not your line of country at all. And I don't like conservatories."

He looked surprised, as well he might. In the first place it was a lie and in the second it was probably the first time on record that a girl had not jumped at the opportunity.

"Shouldn't we be discussing your work?" I asked sweetly.

There was a horrible silence after that. He made no attempt to break it.

I went in search of Cherry. I'd had enough. She was in the thick of guests, mostly male, and there was no hope of even whispering that I wanted to leave.

I went anyway. Neither Cherry nor I needed a chaperon. I clattered off in what I hoped was the right direction and collared a taxi along the main road.

For one who had arrived home in the small hours, Cherry looked bright and beautiful next morning.

"Well, how did it go?" she asked eagerly.

"How did what go?"

"You and Bart Lawrence — you both disappeared early."

"If we did, it wasn't together," I said shortly. "I imagine he went with a redhaired morsel."

Cherry's face fell.

"Oh, what a blow!"

For the next couple of weeks I tried extra hard to concentrate on my work, but I just couldn't get Bart Lawrence off my mind.

Every time I tried to concentrate, Bart's maddening grin appeared before me, and he was always with that redhead.

Then one day Cherry came up with a bright suggestion.

"What about us throwing a party, darling?" I shivered.

"Not enough room," I said.

"Nonsense. It needn't be an enormous party, and I do owe some hospitality. I'll foot the bigger part of the bill and Chris'll buy a bottle or two."

I might have known, of course. My conniving flatmate had been laying plans and carrying them out with diabolical cunning..

I heard her greeting someone, and turned to see her give me a look compounded of guilt and triumph.

Bart came forward and bent mockingly over my hand.

"So kind of you to have specially insisted that I be present," he drawled.

"Traitress!" I hissed at Cherry, and she fled.

"I didn't specially ask for you," I said witheringly. "I didn't even know you were coming."

I made for the kitchen and was busily making up rolls when the door opened behind me. I knew who it was by the way the hairs on my head prickled, but I didn't turn round.

I did, though, when he kissed the back of my neck.

"You — you!" I spluttered. Too late, I realised I should have been cool, mocking, in command.

He swung me into his arms then and kissed the tip of my nose. I spluttered again, so he kissed me on the mouth. I closed my eyes and felt my knees turning to water, and found that being kissed by Bart was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me.

"I HAVE hungry guests waiting," I said briefly, hoping he wouldn't notice the shake in my voice.

"Ah, I forgot you were the dedicated career woman," he said behind me. "Cool and collected, with no time for love."

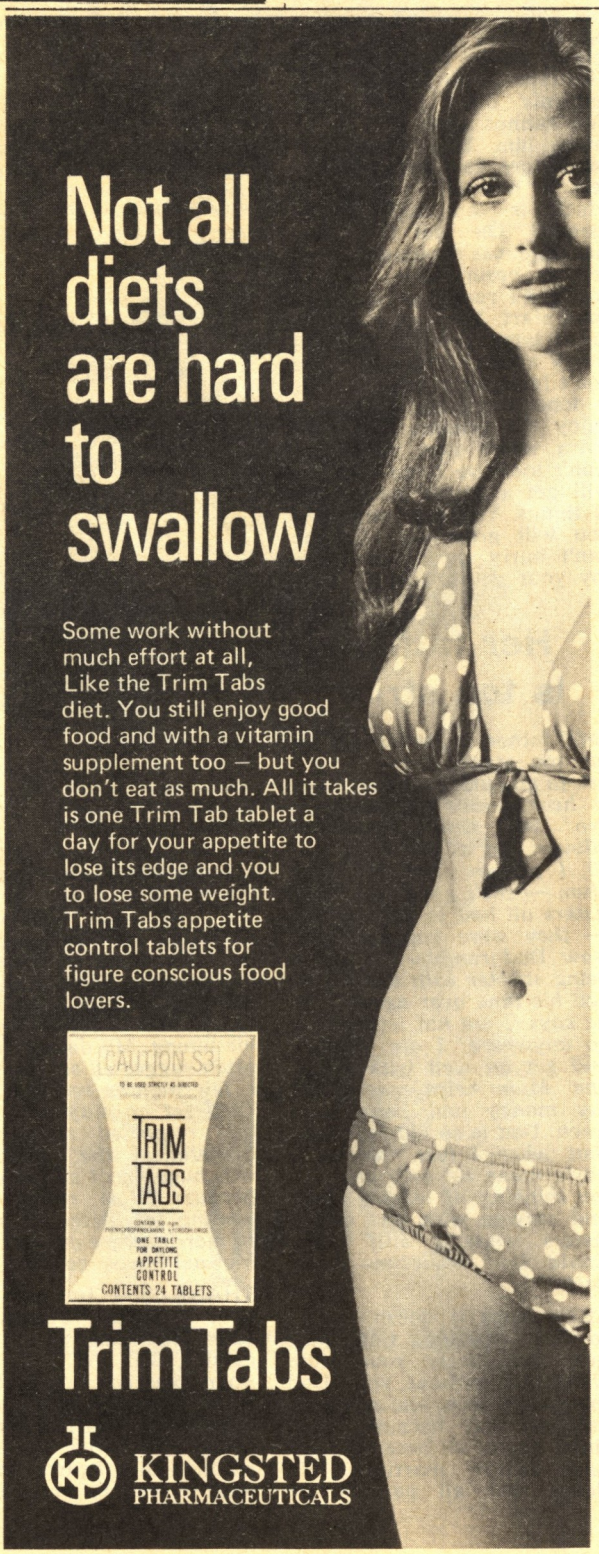
"Love!" I answered scornfully. "Do you call all your flirtations by the name of love?"

"Not all of them," he answered. "Let me carry that tray for you. And for the record, you'll be pleased to know that tomorrow morning I leave for Scotland for three months, to write a new play.

My heart sank into my sandals, but I gave a brave smile.

"The Highland lassies don't

Please turn to Page 90



SPS9.54.005.

New Idea Pattern Service

A summer dress for a young girl and a pretty Dolly Varden to sew

8722

8722 — 50c. Young girl's dress, flared from yoke with front zip opening. It can be made with contrasting yoke and sleeves. Available in sizes 7-8, 9-10 and 11-12 years. Size 9-10: left, contrasting yoke and sleeves requires ½ yd., skirt takes 1⅝ yds.; centre, long-sleeved dress requires 2 yds.; right, self yoke and short sleeves takes 1⅞ yds. All in 36 in. fabric.

2878 — 50c. A pretty Dolly Varden in an old-world dress. Requires ⅜ yd. of pink or flesh material for body, arms, legs and head; ⅜ yd. of white taffeta for underskirt and waist; ⅜ yd. of satin or velvet for overskirt, jacket, hat and shoes, plus lace and ribbon for trimming and kapok for stuffing the doll's body.

2878

HOW TO ORDER YOUR PATTERNS

Fill in your order form, attach postal order or money order for EACH pattern ordered (stamps not accepted) and send to PATTERN SERVICE, New Idea, Box 70B, PO, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001, MAKING MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO ELIZABETH ST. PO ONLY. Patterns are available for six weeks after publication date and will reach you three weeks after receipt of order. In New Zealand patterns are available for 12 weeks after publication date. (Refer to special instructions for New Zealand readers.) Insufficiently stamped letters cannot be accepted. Please note that when more than one pattern is asked for they are not sent together. If you receive one before the other, wait a while and the second one will arrive.

NEW ZEALAND READERS NOTE: Because of currency restrictions, only money orders can be accepted.

N.I., 30/9/72, MARK YOUR ENVELOPE "PATTERN"
(Please indicate in box how many patterns you require)

☐ **2878** ..... **Size** .....

☐ **8722** ..... **Size** .....

Fill in the coupon, attach money order or postal order and post to Pattern Service, New Idea, Box 70B, PO, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001.

Name (block letters) .....

No. and Street .....

City, Suburb, Town .....

State or Country ..... Postcode .....

MASTEC-BRAS

If you have a Mastectomy problem and desire to restore your figure, consult Mrs. Bell, 359 1337 (Melb. only).

Or Write —
BELL LABORATORIES,
72 James St., Fawkner, 3060.

PICK UP PARADE magazine

LOSE 20 LBS IN 14 DAYS

For further details, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to:
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Box 172, P.O.
Manly, N.S.W. 2095

WITH THE NEW RESEARCHED 7.B.Q.U. LEMON DIET!
(INCLUDING THE EXCLUSIVE MAINTENANCE DIET)

FOR THE BRIGHTEST WHITE YOU STILL NEED THE TRUEST BLUE

Amid the confusion of claims and counter-claims for washing powders, it is not easy to detect the white lies. The plain truth is: *whichever powder you use, whichever fabric you wash, you still need a blue rinse to get the whitest, brightest wash.* Bluo is the best of the blues—the only blue with OB12 (special optical brighteners). Bluo's optical brighteners improve the brightness of synthetics and coloureds as well as the whiteness of whites. And Bluo adds brightness *without* bleaching. You can add Bluo when handwashing, or at any stage of the wash or rinse cycle in your washing machine in hot or cold water.

BLUO

AVAILABLE IN 6 OZ AND 9 OZ UNBREAKABLE PACKS.

HP93X82

SCRAP-BAG COLLAGE

Continued from Page 23

out cloth as you work. Continue to apply strips in same fashion until you have covered the entire outer box (minus bottom). Line the entire inside of box and top with one calico print only. (We used red.) Trim between strip with rick-rack, covering each seam. Apply felt to bottom.

Note: Be sure to trim material away from hinges so that top of box will lay flat.

COLLAGE TOP BOX

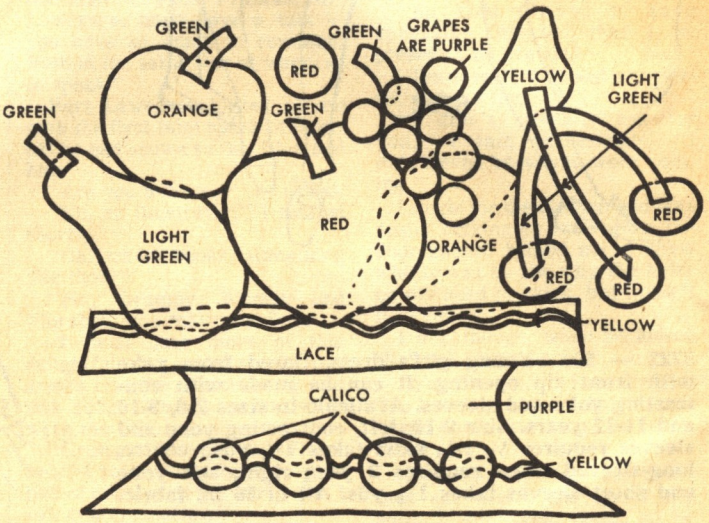
MATERIALS:

One wooden box, bright yellow striped calico print for outside of box, green felt to cover bottom of box, red calico for inside of box (and for use in collage); glue; scissors; brush for glue; felt (2 in. squares); red, orange, yellow, light and dark green, purple; yellow rick-rack braid; small piece lace (approx 3 ins. long).

TO MAKE:

Measure and cut out yellow material according to size of box. Applying a thin coat of glue to back side of fabric, being sure to smooth out cloth as you work.

Cover lower portion of box with a single piece of yellow fabric (stripes running horizontally). Overlap fabric ½ in. on bottom of box, mitring corners. Bring fabric over top edge and down into box ½ in. Cover two sides of box top (vertical stripes) in like manner. Cover curved top with single piece of fabric. Line with red calico. Apply felt to bottom. To make collage fruit bowl decoration, follow diagram A, enlarging to required size. Cut out decorative pieces. Arrange on box top first to make sure you have proper effect. Remove and paste down piece by piece, following diagram A and color illustration.



COLLAGE TOP BOX DIAGRAM A

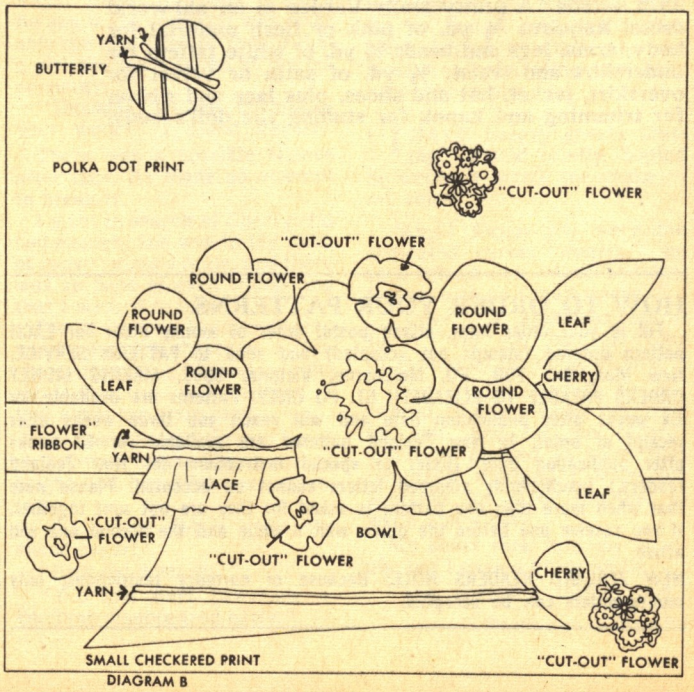


DIAGRAM B

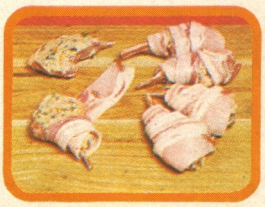
Try this!

Cutlets Supreme done in Comalco Alfoil

Great!

And easy

Lamb cutlets can be really delicious—if you're careful to preserve all those tasty juices when you're baking. That's where you'll find Comalco Alfoil essential! Without it, meat becomes dry . . . tasteless . . . and all the nutrition your family needs is left on your baking tray! Aluminium foil is the perfect heat conductor and doesn't melt if you overheat the oven. Wrap with Comalco Alfoil every time you bake . . . it makes good food taste even better!



Ingredients:—• 8 lamb cutlets • 8 rashers bacon • 2 eggs • 8 squares Quilted† Comalco* Alfoil* • 2 tabspns. milk • Plain flour • Cornflake crumbs.

Stuffing:—• 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs • Salt and pepper • 1 rounded tabspn. butter • ½ teaspn. mixed herbs • 1 small onion (chopped) • 1 tabspn. lemon juice • ½ teaspn. finely grated lemon rind • 1 tabspn. chopped parsley.

Method:—Trim cutlets, cut rind off bacon. Work butter through breadcrumbs with finger-tips, season with salt and pepper, add mixed herbs, chopped onion and parsley, add lemon rind and juice. Combine ingredients, press equal portions of stuffing to each side of cutlets. Take rasher of bacon and wind firmly around cutlet. Start with lean end of bacon to hold stuffing in place. Roll cutlets in flour, dip in beaten egg and milk, roll in cornflake crumbs, press firmly to make good shape. Cut 8 squares of Quilted Comalco Alfoil large enough to wrap each cutlet separately. Brush foil with melted butter, wrap each cutlet. Place in baking dish. Cook in centre of oven 350 degs. F. for 1 hour.

† Licensed Trademark of Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corp.
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Comalco Alfoil cooks the good things in

Buy extra thick, tear resistant Comalco Alfoil in 12" or 18" widths.

COMALCO
is aluminium

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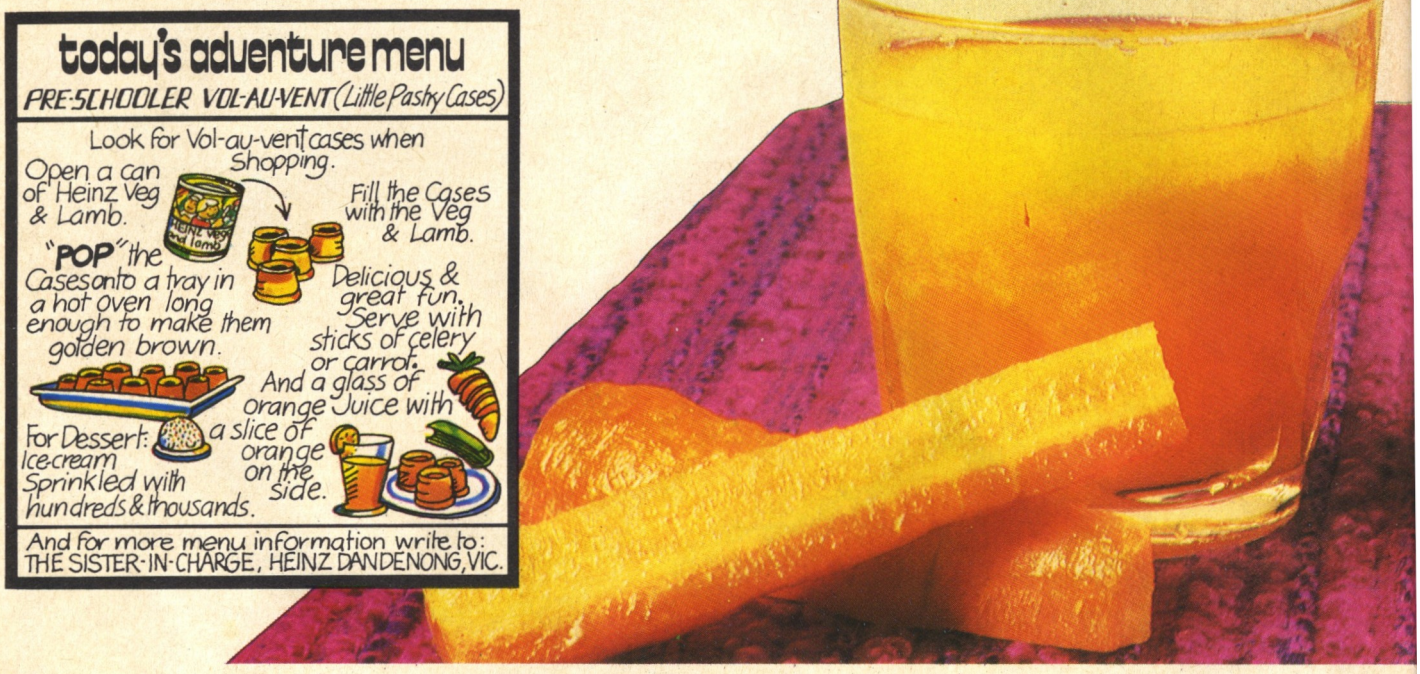
Lunchtime adventures with



THE BEARDED IRIS

These easily grown, majestic blooms come in a variety of colors

Through your garden gate

WITH BARRY MOIGNARD

BEARDED or Flag Iris is so easily grown that it is not unusual to find it flowering on roadsides where bulbous stems have been discarded and forgotten.

A little care in the planting of these majestic beauties will be well rewarded, and there is a magnificent range of colors.

Because of their habit of growth, Bearded Iris are best located in areas where they can be left undisturbed for several years to multiply over several square feet of space.

They can be grown successfully in most parts of Australia and the planting season extends from December to May, some growers even dividing their clumps and replanting immediately after flowering in spring.

As is the case with most plants, good drainage is important and the position should be afforded some sunlight during the day.

If you intend to leave the rhizomes in the ground for several years it will pay to incorporate some well-decomposed animal manure into the top 8 in. of the soil.

The plants should be placed in clumps or in rows 18 in. apart, depending on the area to be planted. A particularly good result can be achieved by planting several groups of different varieties with each group or clump containing a color that blends with the adjacent clump.

The bulbous section, or rhizomes, should be just lightly covered with soil so that after watering, half the rhizomes will be exposed.

Weeding of the irises should be done by hand be-

Heinz Pre-Schooler Foods.

10 Varieties. Vegetables & Steak; Vegetables & Lamb; Vegetables & Meatballs; Vegetables, Chicken & Veal; Cheese, Ham & Noodles; Creamed Potatoes & Ham; Noodles & Beef Stew; Spaghetti & Meatballs; Beans & Sliced Frankfurts; Vegetables & Sliced Sausages.

SENSATIONAL SPRING LAMB

Succulent taste. And when Heinz serve it with 4 kinds of vegetables, what a nourishing lunchtime meal for a hungry pre-schooler! Pre-Schooler Foods provide all the body building protein, vitamins and minerals he needs. And they're so little trouble to prepare. Pre-Schooler Foods come in 10 adventure varieties. So you can be sure there's something exciting to serve up every day.

Heinz Pre-Schooler Foods for nourishment to grow and grow and grow.

cause of the surface rooting of the plant.

Very little watering is needed during the winter but this can be increased in spring when the new growth starts.

Superphosphate is a good fertiliser at this stage to boost the plants ready for their flowering period which commences in early spring and carries on for 8-10 weeks if early mid-season and late varieties are planted.

Some of the better varieties for home gardens include:

COPPER LUSTRE: An iridescent copper-colored bloom.

GOLDEN HIND: Clear buttercup yellow with an orange beard.

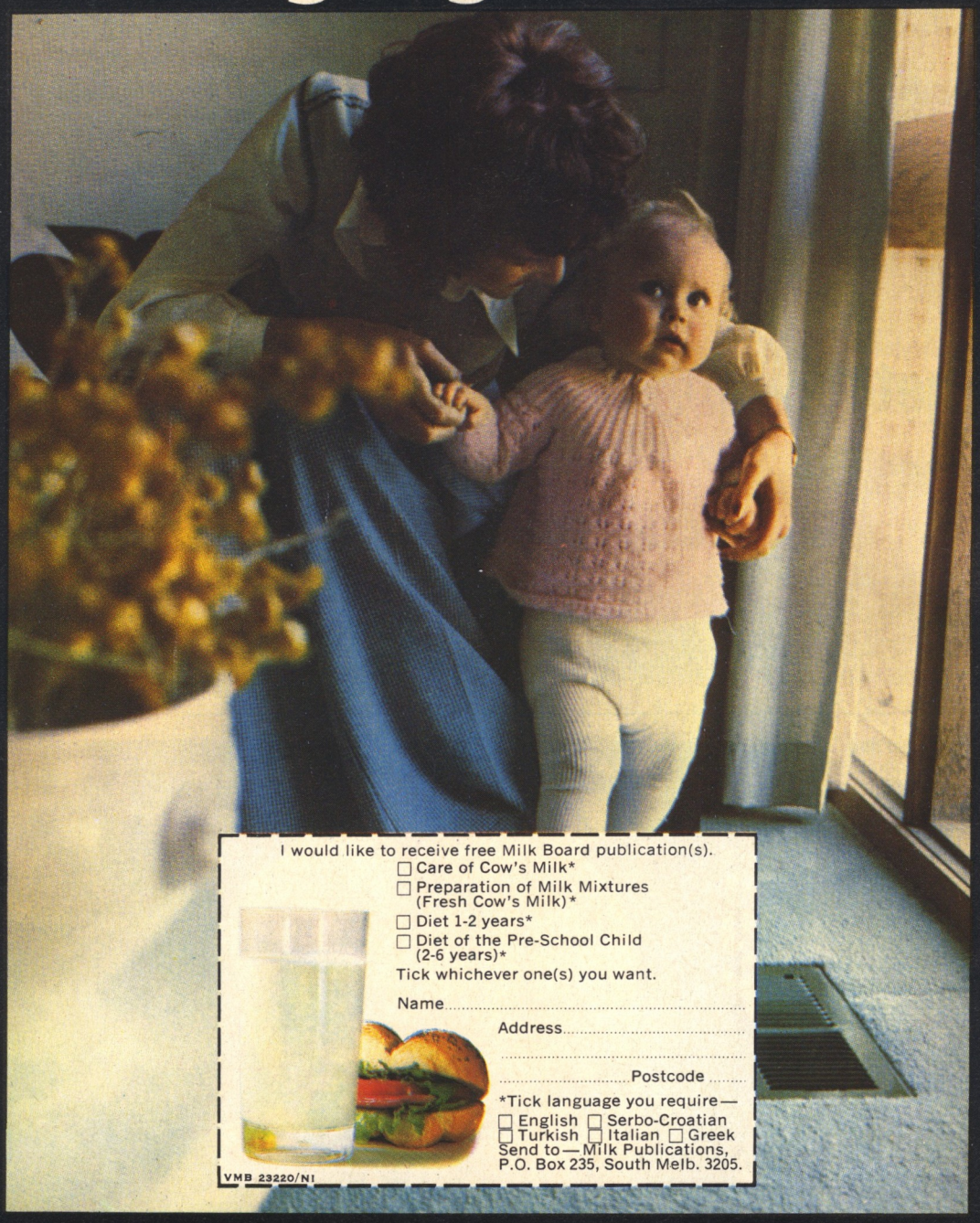
INSPIRATION: Rosy carmine standards with bronze falls.

SNOW FLURRY: A glorious white.

BLUE SKYSCRAPER: A beautiful all-blue iris.

RIGHT: The bearded iris is a hardy plant, with a long flowering season. Even in droughts or boggy areas, it will thrive.

Get going with Milk



I would like to receive free Milk Board publication(s).

- ☐ Care of Cow's Milk*
- ☐ Preparation of Milk Mixtures (Fresh Cow's Milk)*
- ☐ Diet 1-2 years*
- ☐ Diet of the Pre-School Child (2-6 years)*

Tick whichever one(s) you want.

Name.....

Address.....

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.....Postcode .....

*Tick language you require—

☐ English ☐ Serbo-Croatian
☐ Turkish ☐ Italian ☐ Greek

Send to—Milk Publications, P.O. Box 235, South Melb. 3205.

VMB 23220/N1

Now she's growing faster, fresh natural cow's milk is an invaluable building block that can't be substituted (1-2 year olds require 1-1½ pints of milk per day). And it's vital for her parents too, who need at least one pint per day. Your local dairy provides free home delivery of milk. And, of course, your local milk bar and supermarket always have plenty. Fresh.

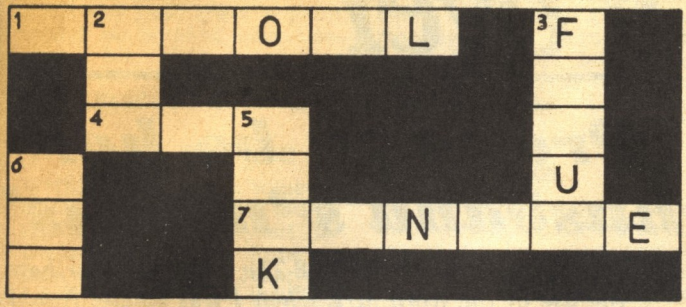
It's as easy as that.

THE MILK BOARD VICTORIA AUSTRALIA

Milk's a marvellous drink

Our Playground

JUNIOR PUZZLE (5 to 11 years)



CLUES ACROSS: 1. Place to teach children. 4. Container. 7. Middle. CLUES DOWN: 2. Grown-up kitten. 3. Used for cooking. 5. Between head and shoulders. 6. Worn on head.

(50 cents to Karen Page, 27 Kanwa St., Broadmeadows, V, 3047, for contributing this puzzle.)

FIVE prizes of 50 cents each for neatest, correct entries.

SENIOR PUZZLE (12 to 16 years)

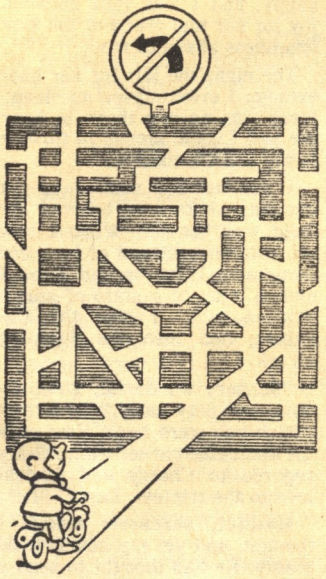
CAN you follow our Flower Trail? Simply move from letter to letter in the boxes at right to spell out the names of six well-known flowers. You may move up, down, sideways, but not diagonally. Use each letter only once.

(AN AWARD of 50 cents to Cathy Lewis, 17 Wilga St., Punchbowl, NSW, 2196, for sending in this puzzle suggestion.)

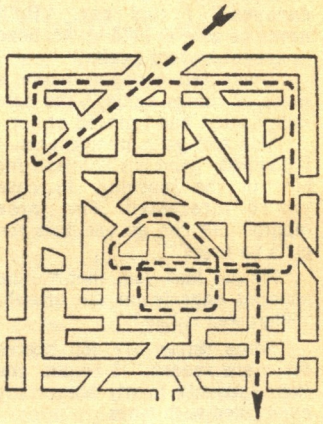
FIVE prizes of 50 cents each for neatest, correct entries.

I	L	L	I	L
D	O	F	P	Y
D	A	F	A	N
Y	S	M	Y	S
A	I	A	R	I
D	P	I	O	G
T	U	L	L	D

FIND YOUR WAY THROUGH THE TOWN



HERE is a little map. Apparently it ought not to be too difficult to find your way through the town. But when you hear that left turns are forbidden everywhere, you will discover it is not so easy after all. Try to see if you can do it. Below you will find the answer. To check, turn the page upside down.



SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

SPELLBINDER! — Another possible anagram — STIR CAPE. Other words we found: Past. Price. Pat. Pate. Part. Pair. Pear. Ice. Rice. Race. Rap. Rape. Rat. Rate. Tap. Tape. Tip. Trip. Tripe. Tire. Act. Apt. Air. Sap. Spar. Sip. Sit. Sat. Spa. Set. Sire. Spare. Care. Cap. Car. Cat. Carter. Cart. Carp. Did you find any more?

RESULTS OF PREVIOUS CONTESTS

COLOR-BY-NUMBER FUN COMPETITION — 50 cents each to JUNIORS: Ken Crawley, Therease King, Debbie Page, Shane Daniel, Jennifer Meney. SENIORS: Amanda Kelly, Chris Tucknott, Merilyn Newbury, Brenda Blayney, Tania Thomas.
JUNIOR FRUIT PUZZLE — 50 cents each to: Anne Wolfe, Peter Livesey, Cheryl Peckham, Lisa Mastoff, Ann Richards.
SENIOR RHYMING NAMES PUZZLE — 50 cents each to: Jane Pickering, Robyn Holland, Margaret Harte, Carol Freeman, Peter Noy.

"PAINT A LANDSCAPE" NOUGHTS AND CROSSES COLOR CONTEST

OBSCURED, by seemingly meaningless lines in our diagram, is a landscape typical of a certain European country. Which country? That is for you to decide. Add a touch of color here and there, and the picturesque scene will be revealed. Use red in all segments marked with an X; add green in areas designated by O; yellow in areas containing dots; blue in areas marked with a tick. How quickly and neatly can you bring the hidden landscape to the fore? If someone else wants to enter the competition, cover diagram with tracing or tissue paper, and add colors to that.

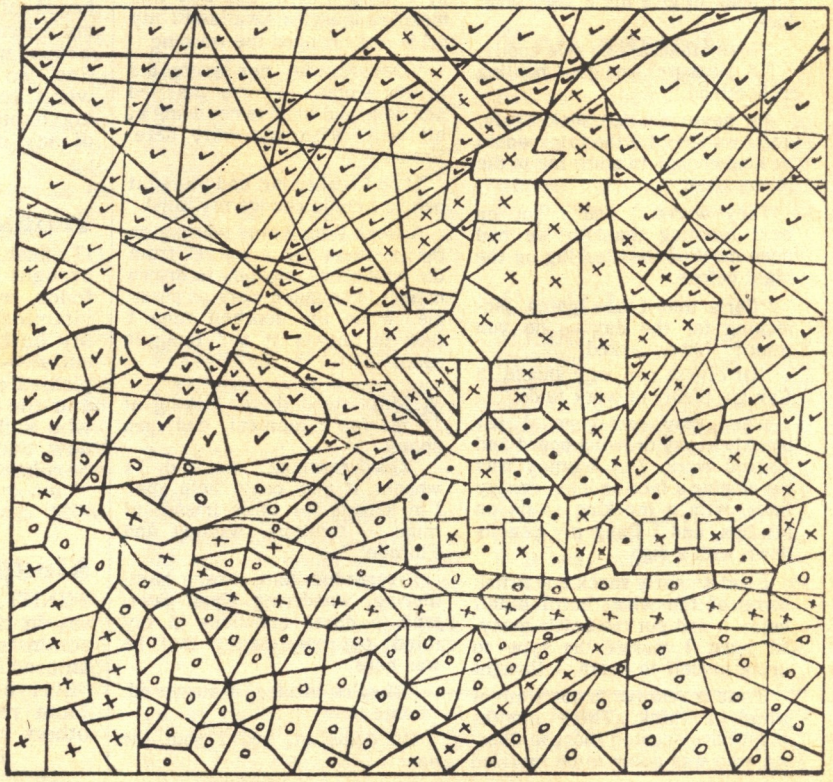
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... **AGE** .....

STATE ..... **POSTCODE** .....

THIS competition is open to JUNIORS and SENIORS, and closes on October 10. Five prizes of 50 cents each for neatest, best entries in each section. Send your completed paintings to MEG, New Idea, Box 1292K, GPO, Melbourne, V, 3003.



NO TIME FOR LOVE

Continued from Page 82

know what a treat is in store for them, do they?"

He held the door open with one hand and balanced the tray with the other.

"HOW did you get on in the kitchen — I saw him follow you," Cherry queried when we snatched a moment together.

"Oh, I seduced him over the canapes," I told her. "He'll never be able to hold up his head in decent society again."

"Don't tell me you made a mess of things again," she said indignantly, and I glared at her.

"You and your interference," I snapped. "And it's Scotland for him in the morning, in case you're interested. For three months. He can go and kiss the girls up there."

"He did kiss you, then?" She pounced eagerly on the crumb. "What was it like?"

"Some things are too sacred for mere speech," I began, and then suddenly to my horror my eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Cherry!" I gulped. "Three months — and all those Scotch girls in plaid minis!"

"What's all this?" Chris hove to, looking concerned.

"Girls' gossip — get Frances a drink, love. She's worn out with spreading things on biscuits."

I mastered my emotions and even managed to extract some enjoyment from the party. Just the same, I wasn't sorry to see the tumult and the shouting die, and the guests go on their merry way.

Bart was thanking Cherry and she was no doubt thanking him out in the hallway, and he turned his head to give me a very level look.

"Many thanks," he said coolly.

"A pleasure. And good hunting in Scotland."

He gave me that look again, and I wondered if the fates would be kind enough to allow me to die in my sleep.

They weren't, and I got up next morning thankful we had done most of the clearing up the night before.

"Chris and I are going picnicking for the day — do you mind?" Cherry asked.

"Of course not, why should I? I've got plenty of work to do."

When they had gone, I sat bleakly at my drawing-board and started work. But Wumpy was developing a face on lean, craggy lines, with a mocking smile on his lips, and I flung my pencils down with a sigh.

I had an early snack and drank some of the wine, but I didn't enjoy it and put the bottle away. At least I wasn't the type to drink myself to death, I thought.

Time is relative to our state of mind, I think. Three months must have seemed short to Cherry, who was going to be married before then, as she told me when she arrived home that night.

Cherry got married, looking out of this world and divinely happy, and I was torn between joy for her and dread of the sick loneliness ahead of me.

The night she left for her honeymoon I cried myself to sleep; there was no one there to hear me and I could hiccup in misery to my heart's content.

I got up the next day, not knowing whether my heart or my head was heavier. When I saw the colored postcard of loch and mountains lying on the floor I picked it up in a state of stupefication, until I saw the signature, and then the lightning struck.

"Scenery wonderful, girls, divine, and play lousy," he wrote. "Wish you were here. How goes the dedicated career woman? My regards to Cherry and fondest love to the triplets. Bart."

Hateful, sarcastic beast, I thought, and yet my heart raced madly. He had thought to send a card, even in mockery.

Why, oh why, couldn't he just let me forget him, though? I would send an equally mocking card in return, I vowed. Something to show I didn't give a damn.

I went out and bought a postcard and sat down to think up something stinging.

And I thought of Cherry and Chris away on their honeymoon and the uncanny silence of the flat; I thought of Bart far away in Scotland unaware that he had stolen my thoughts and my heart. And I didn't feel sarcastic any more, or anxious to score points off him.

He had thought of me at least, by sending a card; and why was the play lousy? I swallowed my pride and changed the wording.

"Dessicated, not dedicated career woman. Cherry married and gone and triplets not doing at all well. Wish you were here. Frances."

Then I rushed out and posted it before I could change my mind.

A week later I was waiting on the postman for a parcel from the publishers, anxious to drown myself in as much work as possible. When the doorbell rang I flew to answer it and flung it open.

A MAN stood there, looking at me for a moment, and then spoke.

"Good morning," he said. "I wonder if you could help me? I'm looking for some friends of mine — Grumpy, Wumpy and Florabel."

I regarded him, heart hammering, wondering about Scotland, a dozen questions in my mind, but only caring that he was here.

"They're inside," I answered. "Come in."

He came in, and I shut the door.

Let's talk it over

Proud to be her husband's 'missus'

IN REPLY to Doffy (N.I. 12-8-72) I too used to hate the use of the word Mrs. when I was single. Now I am married, when my husband calls me his "Missus" I have no objections at all, because of the ring of pride in his voice. I am given the feeling that this woman carrying his name is a pretty important person to him.

Merry Missus, Alice Springs, NT.

($5 for this par.)

Quality required

ASKED to a pre-wedding tea, I asked the prospective bride's mother what would be a suitable gift. "Oh, don't bother with any of those shoddy knick-knacks love — just get something good," was the airy reply. What has happened to the art of accepting gracefully?

Jingle, Milton, NSW.

Funny fads

I SUPPOSE we all have our funny little fads, but I haven't heard of any that can beat my friend's latest effort. She wraps up all her jars and tins, so the garbage man won't know the family's eating habits. Do readers know of any others?

F.J., Brisbane, Q.

Ironsides

IT just isn't fair. I was brought up to eat the right foods, with the emphasis on vitamins, health content, etc. My husband ate quite differently — cake, frankfurts, pickled onions, fish and chips and the like. So why is it I who suffers from indigestion now, and he can eat anything he likes?

Best Dishes, Salisbury East, SA.

Sleep talk

FUNNY, the things people say in their sleep. My young son-in-law was highly amused when his wife said: "Everybody shoosh and let Mum read". I wonder what others say in their sleep.

Mum, Mudgee, NSW.

Foot in it

MY grandmother showed me her two skinned knees and I asked how she had got them. "It's all you girls' fault," was the indignant reply. "I tried to get into that half slip by putting my legs in first and I must have lifted both legs at once."

Silent Giggle, Freshwater, Q.

Boys, too!

WHY do people forget to comment on the appearance of little boys when dressed in their best outfits? They are just as proud and happy about this as little girls.

Ann, Canley Heights, NSW.

Confusion

WITH so many shop assistants wearing casual clothes, it would be helpful if they wore some kind of identification badge. Several times I have asked a girl for some item, only to find she is also a customer. This happens quite often in country towns.

Shopper, Camperdown, V.

Black out

MY father's peculiar method of going to sleep is to imagine himself as a blackboard, with a duster close by. He closes his eyes and cleans the board. Then every time a thought enters his mind (the blackboard), he takes out the duster and erases it. He guarantees me that if the board stays clean for 30 seconds he falls asleep. Any other suggestions, readers?

Not Me, Modbury, SA.

No advertisement

INTENDING to have a new house built, we got quotes from many contractors and called at many of their homes. We were amazed at the condition of some of the homes of reputable builders and painters. Surely repairs to woodwork, roofs and windows and good coats of paint would be a good advertisement for their particular trades?

Bundee, Bundaberg, Q.

We are people

WHEN my husband joined a club, I went along on ladies' nights. I found myself introduced as Don's Anne to Jack's Jill to Bill's Jean, etc. I believe this to be insulting —women are people, not chattels, and should be introduced by our own names. I prefer to join a club of my own choosing and be myself, not just merely a shadow of my husband.

J.S., Newcastle, NSW.

Best time

A COMMON argument about working mothers concerns the quality, not quantity, of the time they spend with their children. But after a full day, how many mothers can come home, face the housework and cooking and give little ones their best-quality attention? Full-time housewives can be irritable by this time, too, but at least they have had their quality time during the day.

Judith, Forrest, V.

Flying visit

A YOUNG lady friend is touring Europe, and in a letter to her father, she complained that she hadn't been able to see Paris properly, as they had only two days there. She added that you really needed three!

Brownie, Greenacre, NSW.

Original

LAST week I received a letter from my son in Queensland. In the bottom left hand corner it read: "If not claimed within seven days—try harder on the eighth!"

Correspondent, Koroit, V.

Changing times

I WAS sittting next to an old lady when a bewhiskered young man went by. She said: "When I was young, that was the fashion. Then the clean-shaven, short back and sides look came in and I remember my mother shuddering at one young man I knew, saying: 'You know, he almost looks like a convict.' " It's funny how our ideas change, isn't it?

B.D., Wahroonga, NSW.

Swinging

I AM an old pensioner, and I know we must live with the times. My sense of humor keeps me going. The other day in a shop a little girl could not take her eyes off four very long-haired boys. Finally, she said, "Mummy, do they live at that place where we saw all those monkeys and birds?" All laughed but the boys, who all went as red as tomatoes.

Lifetime Reader, Goulburn, NSW.

Long term

MY husband and I were thrilled to hear that we could expect to be grandparents, but were somewhat deflated when told the date would be approximately Septem b e r 1974. Modern family planning methods may be a boon, but could lack a certain fulfilment that older couples, whose marriages were based less on organisation, experienced. What do other readers think?

Expectant Granny, Blackburn, V.

Happy slave

MY new boss is the hardest task-mistress I ever had. She has no regard for tea breaks or lunch hours and is capable of making me panicky, inadequate and incompetent. Why do I put up with her? Well, now and then she smiles — and my new baby makes me feel an accomplished mum.

Verne's Girl, Thebarton, SA.

Mugs

HEARING a disparaging remark passed about spinsters, a middle-aged spinster replied, "When you think of spinsters, think of a shelf of china filled with both delicate cups and saucers and ordinary coffee mugs. The delicate china is left there to be admired. Only the mugs are taken down and used."

Number Please, Mareeba, Q.

All ears

OUR dogs and cats always come running when they hear the butcher's knife being sharpened. Visiting my city daughter recently, I was amused to see that the signal for her pets to arrive is the rattle of the can opener.

Fido, Mittagong, NSW.

Easy to learn

I WAS interested to hear from a woman missionary that people on the island of Tonga enjoy NI. The many pars and articles help them to read and write English, which they are very keen to learn.

W.E.J., Williamstown, V.

Impossible

A FRIEND, the mother of seven young children, was saying how she wished she were as good a housewife as her next door neighbor. "She is spotless," she wailed. "You should see the under side of her e l e c t r i c frypan. It shines!"

Envious, Parkdale, V.

First name

TO Evie (NI 22/7/72), people like you really make me angry. Just because you are older, you expect to receive respect and not give any. Imagine that you are a child, and an older woman tells you not to call her by her first name because you are too young. What would be your feelings? Very put down. So let these children use your first name — it is friendlier and the children will not feel rejected.

Indignant Teenager, Glenorchy, T.

WE pay $1 for every letter published and $5 for the best each week. All letters must be original. Write to the Editor, New Idea, Box 1292K, GPO, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001, giving name, address and State with each entry. Paragraphs cannot be returned, nor do we publish verse.

Happiness is . . .

I THOUGHT I was as happy as everyone — a good job and lots of friends. Then at 40 I married, at 41 had my first baby and now at 42 am expecting a second babe. Now I realise what happiness really is.

Virgo, Drummoyne, NSW.

Uneducated

MY daughter was complaining about the difficulties of defiant children. I said that when I was young we accepted discipline as a matter of course. She grinned and replied, "The trouble with you, Mum, was that you didn't know you could rebel."

Terdee, Williamstown, V.

Whisky kisses

A MIDDLE-AGED man came to my counter and asked for help. He had had a few whiskies and had to kiss an old lady! I sold him peppermints, but wondered after. Did he need the whiskies to give him courage to kiss the old lady or could the moral be, "if you drink—don't kiss old ladies"?

Charlie Girl, Angler's Paradise, Q.

Priorities

A FARMER'S wife was in hospital with their third baby and although he phoned daily, not once did he come to see her. His reason? He was expecting two of his pedigree cows to calve any day and he had to be on the spot in case of complications!

Black Opals, Haberfield, NSW.

Chatterbox

MY husband says I make silly mistakes because I talk too much and I think he could be right. Recently I sent our son and daughter-in-law a surprise $10 postal order because they are presently living on a strict budget, and while I filled in the application form I busily chatted on to a friend. For days I was filled with a rosy glow, picturing their delight. But weeks went by and I received no reply, so I wrote to them. By return post came my son's letter: "Thanks for the lovely thought Mum — but the post office wouldn't cash the application form!"

Talkie, Mackay, Q.

Fair exchange

SIGHT of the week — a long queue at a supermarket and two young mothers in animated conversation while their toddlers, perched on the front of their trolleys, busily occupied themselves by exchanging goods. Chaos was putting it mildly when they finally reached the check-out.

Biddy, Roseworthy, SA.

Well named

WITH all the rain about, it had to happen — our neighbor's car was bogged up to the axle. Nothing unusual about that, you say? Of course not, but guess what his number plate starts with — BOG!

J.B., Glenbrook, NSW.

Can't lose

RECENTLY I attended a Highland dancing show which was most enjoyable but for one thing. It was sad that mothers of contestants took no trouble to hide their displeasure when their children did not get a place. With disgruntled mothers and unhappy children, I wondered if it was worthwhile. I feel there is too much praise for a winner and not enough for a good loser.

Mandy, Levin, NZ.

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* Recommended and maximum price only.

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MAGNETIC HEALTH BANDS worn for Rheumatics, Nerves, etc. FREE information, wearers reports post free. WRITE NOW: N. Andex, Box 3062, GPO Sydney.

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FREE material for candle making. It is easy, interesting and profitable to make beautiful colored and sculptured candles at home. There is a ready market of anxious buyers. List supplied of where to sell your beautiful candles. The booklet Australian Candle Making explains secrets, and we give free a parcel of materials to get you started. Further materials available at cost. Send now $3.25 for booklet and free parcel: Australian Candle Co., Box 203, West End, Brisbane, 4101.

LIVE 10 YEARS LONGER. Cut smoking down or out, or money back. K.O. capsules cut the craving. K.O. capsules with money back guarantee, $2.00, post free (plain cover). Leahy's Pharmacy, High St., Maitland, NSW, 2320.

FOR SALE

CROSSTITCH charts series I. 16 designs $1.20. Series II, 6 larger designs $1.20. "Dora Designs", 19 Lawrence St., Murrumbeena, Vic., 3163.

KNITTING wool. The original mail order house, Paton's, Cleckheaton, Clan, Lincoln, Specials. Send 21c stamps for samples — John's, P.O. Box 46, Hampton, 3188.

71 STRONG Wine & Beer Recipes, $1, Box 19, Tolga, 4882.

8-PLY hand knitting wool direct from manufacturer. 30 new season shades, 15c per 1oz. ball. Write for free color chart. CASTLE CRAIG PTY. LTD., P.O. Box 3, Geelong, 3220.

BARK Art Kits $4. Bark only $2.20. Posted. Rare colorful bark. Box 62, Cranbrook, W.A.

NYLON stripping parcel for knitting, $2.00, 20c postage. Pattern free. Shop 8, 370-376 Church Street, Parramatta, N.S.W. Phone 630 2014, Postcode 2150 (near David Jones).

PANTY-GIRDLES direct from factory. Strong fabrics, gripleg to fit waist sizes 26 to 34, $5.00. Deep painty girdles in heavy net, sizes 30 to 44 waist, $9.50. Girdles, side-hook with satin stretch back for flexible comfort to fit 30 to 44 waist, $12.00. Post free. No C.O.D. Post your measurements and order to: Star-form, 2 Herbert St., Summer Hill, 2130, NSW.

ART CRAFT, Qld. bark, brooches, water scenes, sunset sky, safety catch $2.20 posted. Box 17, P.O. Margate, Qld., 4019.

SURE-SLEEP 100% pure sheep skin baby mattress. Manufactured to research specifications, germ free, irritation free, fully washable, helps restless nights. $9.00 plus 60c for package and postage. P.O. Box 516, Bendigo, Vic., 3550.

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WHERE TO STAY

COFFS HARBOUR, holiday flats, new, all elec. near surf, bowls, golf, "Anchor Court", P.O. Box 101, Coffs Harbour Jetty, N.S.W., 2451. 17 Prince St. C. Hbr. Beach. Ph. 1751.

A FAMILY DAY

Continued from Page 19

plainclothes men are scattered. The Shah is discussing housing with writer Frederick Sands, an old acquaintance.

HE is explaining that he is not going to build a larger palace for himself (this one is apparently a tight fit and two others have been given to the nation as museums) until the housing program for ordinary people is far more advanced.

He has already been discussing the problems of reafforestation, water supplies, birth control and industrialisation with Frederick, who is having trouble memorising it all. His Majesty flicks off facts and figures with computer-like precision.

Ali has found a large motor cycle leaning against the stables.

"It will fall down and you will be hurt," predicts his father. Ali proves, by violently shaking it, that Daddy doesn't know everything.

His Majesty then suggests one direction as providing a photogenic background and Her Majesty, who had come up with another proposal, gently acquieses. After which the Shah adopts her plan. Farah's domestic tactics are obviously sound.

While we stroll along she asks about the latest gossip concerning her in the European Press. "What was it?"

"You are exiled, Your Majesty," I inform her. "For life. To an Italian island."

Her laughter peals out. "I don't really mind those stories — much — as long as they are not harmful to my husband or my country. Then I get angry.

"It started," says Farah a little sadly, "when the news broke that we were going to be married. I was in Paris, driving down the Champs Elysees. Photographers were just hurling themselves at the moving car. I thought they would be killed. So there I was with my eyes wide, my arms outstretched, terrified for them . . .

"And they used those photographs later to illustrate any story in which I was supposed to be unhappy."

Led by Francois Gonet they all disappear down the path.

The children finally scamper off, freed. The young Crown Prince gives us a look again: "So you did muck up my Friday!" Then he smiles because it's been over quickly.

"Aren't they coming back with us?" inquires father, when even baby Leila has waddled out of sight. His wife explains.

The Shah mounts a white horse with a dazzling red and gold saddle. This is the picture he wants. There isn't a good one of him on horseback because he keeps Farah Abad so private.

Only now he is not going to have time to ride — except back to his helicopter.

"This is very bad," scolds a general. "His Majesty needs to ride. He spends at least 12 hours a day at his desk. Friday is his one day in the week to keep fit. Morning exercises simply are not enough."

Their Majesties leave.

At your service

One Cook to Another

Chocolate potato cake

6 oz. butter
6 oz. castor sugar
2 eggs
6 oz. plain flour
1½ oz. chocolate drinking powder or cocoa
½ teaspoon salt
1 dessertspoon baking powder
3 oz. cooked potato
Filling:
Grated rind and juice 1 orange
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 egg yolk, beaten
Icing sugar

Cream together butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Push potato through a sieve and stir into mixture. Turn into two greased 7 in. sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, join together with filling.

Filling: Combine rind, juices and egg yolk and stir well. Add sufficient sifted icing sugar to make a spreading consistency.

M.L., Marayong, NSW.

Meatball casserole

1 lb. sausage meat
1 can (16 oz.) tomato soup
1 carrot, grated
1 onion, sliced
¼ cup chopped parsley
½ cup sliced red or green capsicum

Roll meat into small balls, dredge with flour and lightly fry with the onion and capsicum. Pour off fat, add carrot, parsley, tomato soup and half a soup can of water. Simmer about ½-hour and serve with boiled rice.

M.L., Eudunda, SA.

Readers' Requests

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, ETC.: Mrs. H. Houghton, The Grove, Canowindra, NSW, 2804, wants New Idea published 1972 with small girls poncho on cover and instructions for same . . . The Manager, Brotherhood of St. Laurence, St. Laurence Court (Bendigo), Upper California Rd., Eaglehawk, V, 3556, wants Sankys 1200 hymn books (words only) for community hymn singing . . . Mrs. A. Swindell, 110 Bungunya Rd., Banyo, Q., 4014, wants For The Term Of His Natural Life, by Marcus Clarke.

WOOL: Mrs. M. Keenan, Box 116, Injune, Q., 4454, seeks ½ or 1 ball Highlands sports wool H45, grey with flecks of red, green and navy. . . . Mrs. J. McGrath, 10 Arthur St., Narrandera, NSW, 2700, 1 or 2 balls Patons Bonny courtelle, either red or navy, any dye lot. . . . Mrs. V. Sears, 11 Knowles St., Harvey, WA, 6220, 4 skeins Patons Scotch Mist, shade 3758, dye lot 4, maize color. . . . Mrs. D. Turvey, 44 Constance St., Miles, Q., 4415, 2 balls Patons double-knit, color green, shade 7526, dye lot 2.

Handy Woman

Straighten wool

TO straighten wool for re-knitting, wind tightly around ironing board and hold steam iron ½ in. above wool for 10 seconds. Pull wool around and repeat steaming.

M.H., Findon, SA.

Uncurl carpets

IF your rug or carpet curls up at the corners, just cut L-shaped pieces of strong cardboard and glue underneath the curling corner.

S.S., Koroit, V.

Button holder

SAVE empty clear plastic tablet containers to store colored buttons. They will easily be seen in machine drawer or work basket.

I.D., Wellington, NSW.

HINT OF THE WEEK

HANG clothes inside out on the clothes line so that hems are exposed to sun and will be less noticeable when let down.

Lu Lu, Mt. Gravatt, Q. ($2 for this hint.)

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You & your stars

FOR WEEK SEPTEMBER 30-OCTOBER 6

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 23): If your relationship with a friend has been strained in the past, don't despair, a happier solution may appear. Work and money worries will also pick up. October 1, 2 and 6, encouraging.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22): Not much excitement, but don't let this depress you. There's no danger in leaving things undone. New plans could misfire and there will be greater scope later. September 30 and October 5, best.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23 to Dec. 22): Good for buying or selling; for staying at home or travelling, or for coping with additional responsibilities. October 1, 2 and 3, good.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Your job and your social and domestic activities are your best avenues at present. October 4 and 5, well starred. Work on plans for future moves.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Focus your attention on your home and personal interests, bringing any uneasiness out into the open. Lessons gained from past mistakes may be put to use. October 6, best.

PISCES (Feb. 20 to March 20): Despite a few unwelcome duties being dumped in your lap, no really serious problems are foreseen. September 30 and October 1 are good for any promising trends.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): If you are looking for a spare-time job, this is the week to look around, and it may well be found in a field you have previously ignored. Also good for investment, moving, or travelling. October 2 and 3, profitable.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Plenty of variety with new and interesting incidents, but none will be of permanent importance. One warning: Be careful when driving or using household appliances. September 30, October 4, 5 and 6, lucky.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Despite feelings of dissatisfaction, pause before airing opinions. A few clever hints dropped casually are your best bet. October 4 and 5, tension rises.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Freedom from pressure will make this an ideal week for reaching vitally important decisions, studying and catching up with work. September 30, October 1 and 5, good.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 23): Ideal time for putting through business deals and concluding legal or property agreements. Just think over your approach beforehand and let no one sway your final choice. October 2, 3 and 6, auspicious.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 22): A favorable time for new ventures. Some important news is also foreseen. September 30, October 4, 5 and 6, best.

Birthday forecasts

SATURDAY, September 30: A good year where new friendships, novel experiences and at least two surprisingly beneficial changes will occur.

SUNDAY, October 1: A useful year lies ahead rather than a profitable one. Job, home and social affairs move smoothly and apart from one disappointment involving a close friend, no big upsets are shown.

MONDAY, October 2: Your social and domestic life, plus your interest in someone of the opposite sex, are happily highlighted.

TUESDAY, October 3: Unusual opportunities for advancement in almost every sphere. Push plans confidently.

WEDNESDAY, October 4: An unusually busy and rather confusing time is ahead. Reach important decisions only after careful consideration.

THURSDAY, October 5: Not an easy year, so don't expect matters to go as you wish without some effort on your part. Your rewards will prove things worked for are well worth having.

FRIDAY, October 6: An ideal birthdate for anyone with a unfulfilled ambition. Also for many there will be a betrothal or wedding bells.

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1—VISCOSE PARCEL. 5lb. Denim, drill and terylene fabrics. Prepacked lengths for boys' shorts, slacks, girls' shorts, slacks, shifts and ladies' skirts. In assorted colors, comprising grey, blue, navy, browns and others. Widths 36"-60". **POST 75c.** **$5.00**

1—SUPER FASHION PARCEL
2¼yds. 45" Printed Pique .... $1.50 yd.
2½yds. 36" Printed Bark Cotton .... 99c yd.
2¼yds. 45" Linen .... $1.99 yd.
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1—LINGERIE PARCEL. 10 yards. 60" wide finest quality Nylon lingerie materials. Latest colors. Amazing bargain. **POST 55c.** **$4.50**

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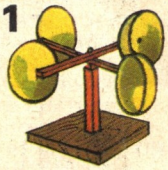

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